

FAME AND FORTUNE

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STORIES OF

CENTS

Novels

BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY

DOLLARS AND CENTS

OR FROM CASH BOY TO PARTNER

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 823

NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

DOLLARS AND CENTS CHANGE

OR, FROM CASH BOY TO PARTNER

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

Novels
JOE GARABEDIAN
19 CONGRESS ST.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

CHAPTER I.—Which Introduces Our Hero.

"Mother, I don't like the way things are going in the counting-room," said Bob Brett, one evening at the supper-table. "It is my opinion the cashier is stealing money on the quiet right along."

"What reason have you to suspect that he is doing such a thing?" said his mother, with a grave face.

"From what has come under my observation lately. For instance: To-day he sent me out to buy a bottle of mucilage and handed me a \$5 bill. When I got back I returned him seventy cents in change and four dollars in bills. Later on I noticed that he had charged the whole five dollars to expense account, putting down mucilage, postage stamps and a lot of other things which I did not get."

"Well, Robert, I don't know what to say about the matter. If he is really stealing from the store, I don't see how he can continue such a practice long without Mr. Bond finding it out."

"He can hoodwink the boss by doctoring the books. That's been done hundreds of times by dishonest people."

His mother made no reply. She did not want to encourage her son to be the one to give the hint, for he was only the cash-boy in the store, and was directly under the cashier's authority. If he incurred the cashier's displeasure that man might recommend his discharge, and his request would carry weight. The Bretts—mother, son, and a sister who was employed as a stenographer—were in very moderate circumstances and lived in a cottage owned by Mrs. Brett, on which there was a mortgage, and Bob's \$5 a week was a very necessary item in the family's resources. It was something of a struggle for the little widow to make ends meet. Provisions were high, and always seemed to be on the advance, and though she had no rent to pay she had the semi-annual interest on the mortgage to meet with unfailing regularity. The mortgage was held by a large trust company, and the corporation made no exceptions in cases where the mortgagee was financially embarrassed. In case the interest was not paid on the day it was due the party had only thirty days in which to make good, in default of which the mortgage would be foreclosed. Mrs. Brett, knowing this, made every possible sacrifice to have the money ready at the right time, and so far she had managed to do so. She was worried, however, by the knowledge that the mort-

gage, which was for the customary three years, would expire on the next interest day.

Bob went on with his supper and did not continue the subject. When he got through he told his mother that he was going out to visit one of his friends some blocks away. The place where the Bretts lived was a small city called Chester. It had one chief business street, on which Mr. Bond's dry goods and notions store was located, near the post-office, and it had several other lesser business streets running parallel with Main street and also at right angles with it. It was similar in most respects to other cities of its size in the East. Bob's friend that he went to call on was Tom Downey, and he worked in a printing office on Fourth street, which cut across Main street. He was not in when Bob reached his house. His sister said he had come home to his supper and then went right back to the shop to work overtime. If Bob was anxious to see him he could go to the office, she said. Bob wasn't particularly anxious to see him, but having nothing else on hand he decided to go to the printing office.

When Bob walked into the room Tom was locking up a small card form for one of the job presses.

"Hello, Bob, I suppose you were over at the house looking for me and they sent you here," said Tom. "We had a rush of work to-day that had to be got out in a hurry, so most of the hands had to come back."

"How long are you going to work?" asked Bob.

"Ten o'clock," said Tom, seizing the mallet and planer and tapping the face of the type to even up this surface.

Then he took the T-shaped iron key and tightened the quoins. He lifted the chase and carried it to a job pressman, who slammed it on the machine, with a bang, where it was automatically held to the perpendicular bed, and then seizing the handle of the upright bar which controlled the belting running up to the counter-shaft, pulled it over and shoved it back. The platten moved against the type, over which the ink rollers had passed twice, and took an impression of the form. Leaving the pressman to attend to his business, Tom went to the foreman for another job. He was sent to help a jobber. At that juncture somebody knocked at the door. The foreman went to see who it was. After talking to the party a moment he invited him to step in. Bob was leaning on the case just vacated by Tom, with his face towards the door. He was surprised to see Ronald Scott, the cashier of the

store where he worked, walk into the printing office. The foreman took him to his elevated desk and there they were engaged for several minutes, after which the cashier went away without noticing Bob. The cash-boy was interested in the object of his visit. At the first chance he spoke to Tom.

"You saw the man who was just in here?" he said.

"Sure," said Tom.

"That's the cashier at our store—the chap I was telling you about."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do. I wonder what brought him here?"

The foreman called Tom to his desk. When he rejoined Bob he had a ticket bearing the name "Scott," and the reprint copy for a statement he had been given to set.

"That's the wholesale house where we get a lot of our goods," said Bob, when he saw it. "I wonder why the cashier brought it here to have it printed?"

"I couldn't tell you. He has only ordered fifty copies printed in fac-simile. He is coming back at ten for them, so I've got to hustle."

Bob retired to a seat on a bundle of paper and for the next hour watched the work go on in the shops. The "monthly statement" was put in type, locked up and put on the press, after the foreman had read the proof and Tom had corrected it. Sixty copies for good measure were worked off and Tom wrapped them up just as time was called and the hands quit for the night. As Bob and Tom were going down to the door in the dark they saw the cashier enter and start upstairs. He passed the boys on the stairs, supposing that both worked in the printing office.

"Here's one of the statements," said Tom, when they got outside. "It might interest you."

Bob put it in his pocket, and when he got home he looked it over, wondering what use Cashier Scott could have for them. The firm dealt in notions, and Bob noticed that the S had been accidentally left out. The blunder was Tom's, and the foreman, reading it in a hurry, had skipped the omission. Otherwise the job was a fac-simile of the original copy. The error might not be detected by one person in a hundred, but it was fated to lead to strenuous results.

CHAPTER II.—What Bob Overheard.

At eight o'clock next morning Bob walked into the store and proceeded directly to the counting room. Mr. Bond employed a dozen clerks, eight of whom were girls, and these had already arrived and were getting ready for the duties of the day. The cashier seldom appeared before half-past eight or a quarter of nine. He had one assistant who helped him keep the books, and he arrived at a quarter past eight. Mr. Bond came himself between nine and ten and went into his private room behind the counting room.

Business went on as usual that day, except that Bob was kept busier than ordinarily, for Mr. Bond had advertised something new in the notion line, and there was a rush of customers in consequence. Though there were times when he had to hustle to keep the three cash-girls moving, he

made no mistakes, and his cash receipts balanced as usual with the sum total of the sales slips at closing time. Next day was Saturday and the store remained open until half-past ten in the evening, for which additional work nobody in the establishment got any extra pay. Neither did they get extra pay for the two weeks before Christmas, when the store was open every night, but Mr. Bond made that up, in a measure, by giving all hands a Christmas present of from \$5 up.

As Saturday was the last day of the month, the cashier told him when he handed him his pay envelope that hereafter he would get \$6 a week, by Mr. Bond's orders. That made Bob very happy, for he knew his mother would be overjoyed at the news of his raise. One extra dollar a week meant \$52 additional a year in the family exchequer. That would nearly pay six months' interest on the \$2,000 mortgage. On the day following his raise of salary, Bob met Tom after dinner at the home of the latter and they walked down to the wharf where sail and rowboats were on hire. There was a fine breeze blowing, and the boys expected to have a good time.

Several boatmen divided the trade of hiring out craft, but the two boys always patronized one old chap who had been a sailor in the Civil War under Farragut, and drew a pension from the Government in consequence, though this was a poor return for the leg he lost at the Battle of Mobile Bay. His name was Dan Bryant, and he came originally from Ireland. As summer was close at hand, and boats were now in demand, the boys found it necessary to make their arrangements at least a day in advance to make sure of getting Bryant's boat on Sunday afternoon.

He had it all ready for them when they arrived, and told them that he had been obliged to turn down two other applicants. The boys put off and made direct for the largest island, where the first of the hotel help had arrived and were putting the house in shape for the opening of the season. They went ashore there, had a talk with the steward, whom they knew, walked over the island and then re-embarked. The wind had grown much stronger, and as the sky had clouded up and gave indications of rain, they decided to return to the wharf.

"This is some sailing," said Tom, as a flaw heeled the boat almost on her side and might have capsized her had not Bob, who was steering, eased her up at the right moment, spilling the weight of the wind out of the sail, whereupon she partially righted and flew onward, like a frightened seagull close to the water.

Several of these flaws caught her, and finally, as she was passing one of the small islands, a sudden squall, accompanied by rain, pounced down on them.

The gaff snapped like a pipe stem, the sail sagged and the boat, unable to right, was driven, almost on her beam ends, right on to the island. The force of the squall passed off and the rain went with it. Then the boat righted considerably and answered her helm. She came around, but as matters stood it was dangerous for them to continue their trip to the shore.

"We'll have to put into yonder cove and repair the gaff somehow," said Bob.

While speaking he maneuvered the boat with some difficulty into the little cove. As soon as the little craft bumped against the shore they sprang out and made her fast with the mooring rope to a convenient tree. Then they lost no time in looking for a stout tree branch that would serve their purpose.

"You go that way and I'll go this way," said Bob. "If you find something that you think will answer, take it down to the boat and wait for me in case I'm not there myself."

So they went off in different directions to hunt the ground over. Bob was unsuccessful in his search, and presently came suddenly on a small shanty.

"I ought to find a piece of wood there," he thought.

As he approached the partly open door he heard voices inside—the voices of two men; and they sounded familiar to him.

"Look here, Castle, there isn't a bit of risk in this to you," said one of the voices.

Castle was the name of the assistant bookkeeper at the store.

"I don't know about that, Scott," returned the other, in a doubtful tone.

That was enough for Bob. The cashier and his helper were in the hut, and judging from those few words, and what he already knew about Scott, he was satisfied that something not strictly regular was in the wind. And he did not doubt but it was connected with the store. Believing it to be his duty to find out what was on the tapis, he crept close to the door and listened.

"Oh, pshaw! You're too timorous by half. Kirby & Jackson's monthly statement will arrive in the morning's mail. They're always prompt in sending them out."

"I know," nodded Castle.

"As soon as you get it I want you to copy it on one of the facsimile statements I had printed, and then add these items to it. That will make their bill appear to be \$100 larger than it really is. I'll then draw a check for the amount of the copied statement, Mr. Bond will sign it with other checks, and there you are. I'll take it over to Kirby & Jackson myself, with the original statement, and as I am about to hand it to their cashier, I'll pretend to discover that I made the check \$100 in excess of the right amount. I'll tell the cashier that to save me the trouble of making out a new check he can pay me \$100 and that will make it all right, see? When I get back you can receipt the copied statement in imitation of the original and enter that in the ledger. Then I'll give you \$25. How does that suit you?"

"I don't know," said Castle, still doubtfully.

"But I do," said Scott. "A week ago I caught you taking a \$20 bill from Brett's drawer and putting a bad counterfeit in its place. If you don't stand in with me, I'll report the fact to Mr. Bond and you'll get bounced."

"You promised not to give me away," said the bookkeeper, in a shaky tone. "My wife was sick and I didn't have money enough to meet the bills I had to pay, that's why I did it."

"No matter why you did it, I caught you. Now I hold the whiphand over you. Stand in with me, or out you'll go without a recommendation."

"If I should get caught at this, I'll go to jail."

"No quicker than I would, and you can make your mind easy that I don't intend to go there."

"I suppose I'll have to agree, but I don't like the idea," said Castle, with evident reluctance.

"That's the way to talk," said the cashier. "Now let's see how the weather is outside, and whether it will be safe for us to put back in our boat."

As Scott spoke, Bob decided it was time for him to get out of the way, for he knew that things would happen if he was discovered so near the hut.

CHAPTER III.—Getting a Rascal in the Toils.

Bob ran around to the back of the shanty and darted into the thick copse of trees without his presence being discovered. Scott and Castle came around the hut, too, and walked through the trees down to the shore, passing close to the spot where the boy crouched in the bushes. As soon as they were out of sight, Bob entered the hut and found a piece of hard wood lying on the floor. He carried it down to the cove, where he found Tom waiting for him with half a dozen good branches of various lengths.

"You were gone long enough," said Tom. "I was several times tempted to go after you to see if you had fallen into the lake."

"I'm glad you didn't."

"Why?"

"You'd probably have interrupted a very interesting conversation I was listening to."

"Between whom?" asked Tom, in some surprise.

"Between the cashier and the assistant bookkeeper of our store."

"Are they on the island?"

"They are."

Whereupon Bob told him the main facts of Scott's scheme to rob Mr. Bond.

"Gee! they are lulus, at least the cashier is one. After hearing what you have, you ought to be able to put a spoke in their wheels," said Tom.

"I surely will. When I come to think of it, I'm sorry you were not with me, so that you could back me up," said Bob.

Bob kept his own counsel next day, and for several days thereafter. What he would like to get hold of was the original statement sent in by the cashier of Kirby & Jackson, but he saw no chance of such a thing. Usually either Scott or Castle was in the office all the time, one of them only going to lunch at a time. Bob generally left Scott in the office when he went to lunch at half-past twelve. When he got back the cashier would go out himself. Things worked that way on Wednesday.

Scott was out longer than usual, and when he got back he handed a paper to the assistant bookkeeper and talked confidentially with him for a few minutes. Bob's bright brain at once suggested the conclusion that Scott had visited Kirby & Jackson and paid the right statement. Not being busy at the moment, he passed softly behind the two men and looked over their shoulders. Lying in front of the bookkeeper he saw two statements bearing the firm name of Kirby & Jackson. He judged that one of them was the genuine and the other the copy with the \$100 of fake items on it. From what he had overheard

on the island, he knew that Scott's plan was to have the false one receipted by Castle in imitation of the original, the amount charged up against the house and the statement put on file. The original would then be destroyed.

A little while afterward he saw Scott tear up something which looked as if it might be a statement. Instead of throwing the scraps into the waste basket, he went across the room and dropped them into the side pocket of his street coat.

"He's foxy," thought the boy, as he took in some money and a pair of sales slips from one of the cash girls. "He won't trust the scraps to the basket."

From time to time after that he glanced at Scott's coat and wondered if he could get those scraps out of the pocket. No chance to do so offered up to five o'clock, when the assistant bookkeeper went out of the room for a few minutes. As good luck would have it, Mr. Bond called the cashier into his private room. Bob saw his chance, and as he was idle at the time he quickly slipped across the room, inserted his hand in Scott's coat pocket and felt the bunch of torn paper. He hastily transferred every bit of it to his pocket, and got back to his window before either of the men returned.

Although not sure that he had the scraps of the document he wanted, still he felt confident that they represented the original statement, otherwise the cashier would not have put them into his pocket, but would have thrown them into the basket as usual. Bob was busy at his duties when the assistant bookkeeper came back, and soon afterward Scott returned. At six the store was closed and the cashier shut up the safe.

As he was putting on his coat he handed his accomplice \$25 on the quiet, which little by-play escaped Bob's notice. After supper that evening Bob went to his room and taking the scraps from his pocket, laid them on a small table. He picked out all the printed pieces first, and after a patient effort arranged them in their proper order.

He pasted them carefully at the top of a sheet of paper and now had the printed head of Kirby & Jackson's monthly statement. Looking it over to make sure that he had it right, he saw that the "S" was in the word "Notions" all right. When he came to piece the written part together he found it was impossible for him to restore the statement in its original form without knowing how it ran. He got the balance total all right, and the signature of Kirby & Jackson's cashier, with the stamp "Paid" and the date. Those were the most important points, at any rate, and he pasted them down near the bottom of the sheet.

He decided to postpone the completion of the job in the hope that he might be able to get at the bill cabinet next morning before the assistant bookkeeper came and make a copy of the items and prices on the statement. With this object in view, he started for the store half an hour earlier than necessary. The place was open and the porter was sweeping out.

"Hello, Brett! You're on hand early," he said.

"What time is it?" asked the cash boy.

"Twenty minutes of eight."

"Our clock must have been 'way wrong, at that rate. Well, now that I'm here I might as well

stay here. I'll go in and dust if you've swept the office."

"It's swept. I always do that first," said the porter.

Bob went into the counting room, hung up his hat, and went to the bill-filing cabinet. He opened the drawer lettered "I, J, K," and found the document he wanted. He went to the tall desk and, pulling a sheet of paper out of a drawer, he began making a hasty copy of it. He had just finished it when, happening to glance out into the store through the glass partition, he saw the cashier coming toward the office. It still wanted six or seven minutes of eight, and Bob was surprised to see him there at that early hour. He hastily returned the statement to the drawer in the cabinet, crumpled his written copy up in his fist and thrust it into his pocket, and seizing the duster, was busy dusting when Scott walked in.

"Good morning, Mr. Scott!" he said pleasantly. "You're here early to-day."

"Morning!" replied Scott. "Will you run around to the post office and get a dollars' worth of stamps?"

"The window doesn't open till eight," said Bob.

"It's five minutes of eight now. The window will be open by the time you get there," said the cashier, opening the safe and handing him a dollar bill.

Bob suspected that Scott wanted to get him out of the way for a few minutes. That didn't worry him any as he had secured what he wanted. He took his time and got back at ten minutes after eight. The clerks had arrived, but the assistant bookkeeper wasn't there yet. He came in at half-past eight. As soon as he did, Scott took him in a corner and talked to him. Bob could hear Castle protesting that he hadn't done whatever the cashier was charging him with. Then the two men got down to business and things went on as usual that day.

That evening, with the assistance of the copy of the statement he had made that morning, Bob completed the restoration of the original statement. He also had a list of the fake items, amounting to \$100, which represented the sum stolen from the house. Bob thought that Scott's scheme was one easy to be discovered, and wondered he would put it in practice. Doubtless he placed his dependence on the confidence Mr. Bond had in him.

CHAPTER IV.—Accused of Theft.

When Bob went to the store next morning he carried the restored original monthly statement of Kirby & Jackson in his pocket. He intended to set the ball in motion that day, as soon as Mr. Bond arrived. The morning passed away and Mr. Bond did not appear at his usual time. Bob wondered if he would show up at all that day. He came in at half-past twelve, just after the assistant bookkeeper had gone to lunch and when Bob went, too. In fact, the boy was getting his hat to go home for his dinner when the boss arrived. The moment Bob saw him he started to follow him into his room. The cashier thought that suspicious on his part, for he had never done that before, having no business with the proprietor.

"Hold on, there! Where are you going?" he said, grabbing the boy by the arm.

"I'm going in to see Mr. Bond," replied Bob.

"What for?"

"I want to see him."

"What do you want to see him about?"

"I have business with him."

"I don't believe you're going in to see him. You took some money out of your drawer just now, and you're going to take it home with you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Scott?" demanded Bob, in astonished indignation.

"I mean you are stealing that money."

"Are you crazy to accuse me of such a ridiculous thing?"

"Come, let me see what you have in your pockets."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Bob, resisting the cashier.

"You won't, eh? I'll see about that."

With a sudden blow Scott knocked Bob senseless on the floor. He hurriedly felt in the boy's pockets, but did not find what he was looking for, as Bob had taken the precaution to place the statement in the inside pocket of his vest.

"I guess I've made a mistake," he muttered. "When he comes to his senses he will report me to Mr. Bond. I must block that. Now is as good as any time to put up a job on him and get him fired."

He opened the boy's cash drawer and seized some of its contents. Then he uttered an outcry that not only brought some of the clerks on the scene, but also the proprietor.

"See!" cried the foxy cashier, holding out a bunch of checks and money toward Mr. Bond, which he had apparently taken from Bob's pocket, "your trusted cash boy has been robbing you. I caught him in the act."

His accusation caused general astonishment, for Bob was a great favorite in the store and every one but the bookkeeper and cashier liked him.

"Surely you don't mean that, Mr. Scott," said the head of the house, in astonished surprise.

"I do mean it, sir. Here is the evidence on him. Three \$5 bills and two checks that came in this morning from cash customers," said the cashier.

"What could he do with those checks?" said the proprietor.

"I don't know. All I know is I saw him take the checks and money from his drawer, put them in his pocket, grab his hat and start to go out. I called him back, accused him of the theft and then he struck at me. I threw out my arm to ward his blow off and my fist hit him and he fell senseless, as you see. Then I cried out."

"Bring the boy into my room," said Mr. Bond, calling up two of the clerks.

They lifted Bob and bore him into the boss's private room and laid him on the lounge there. Mr. Bond followed and shut the door. He dashed some water in Bob's face and the boy regained his senses. The cash boy looked around him in surprise.

"How came I here?" he asked, in a puzzled tone.

"I had you brought in here," said Mr. Bond.

"I remember now, he knocked me down after

accusing me of stealing some money from my drawer," said Bob.

"He has accused you of taking three \$5 bills and two checks. Can it be possible you did that?"

"No, sir; I wouldn't think of doing that."

"But I saw him take the checks and the money from your inside pocket."

"If you did, then he put them there beforehand while I was senseless."

"Why should he do such a thing?" said Mr. Bond, with a frown.

"I couldn't tell you, sir, unless his object is to get me discharged."

"I don't see why he should want to have you discharged. You have been giving perfect satisfaction."

"Maybe when I tell you how he is robbing you, you will see his object."

"Robbing me!"

"Yes, sir, and I can prove it."

Mr. Bond regarded Bob as if he thought he had suddenly become crazy.

"Look here, Robert, are you aware of what you are saying?" he said.

"I am. Will you let me tell you what I know? Then you can judge whether there is any truth in it or not."

"Mr. Scott has my fullest confidence."

"If he has, he is abusing it."

"I don't like this charge you are making against the cashier. It doesn't look well in you."

"It's my duty to report what I see going on when I know it isn't right."

"Well, well! I suppose I must hear your story, but it will take a great deal to convince me that Mr. Scott is doing anything he should not do in my store."

"I suspect he has been stealing small sums from you right along, but as I can't prove that I won't specify what the stealings are. What I do charge him with is robbing you of \$100 through a false statement supposed to have come from Kirby & Jackson, dealers in notions."

Bob then told his story—how his suspicions had been raised by seeing the cashier get fifty statements printed at Tucker & Tinker's printing office one evening during the previous week. Then he related in substance the conversation he had overheard on the island between Scott and Castle. Mr. Bond listened in great surprise.

Bob then produced the restored original statement from Kirby & Jackson, bearing the cashier's signature, and told him how the pieces which he had pasted on the sheet had come into his possession.

"That is the correct statement of the amount you owed that firm, and it's just \$100 less than the bogus statement in the letter-cabinet bearing the imitated signature of Kirby & Jackson's cashier," went on Bob. "The whole of that fake paper, made out on one of the statements Scott had printed, was executed by Castle, who is standing in with the cashier in his crooked work. Now you have my story. I don't ask you to take my word alone, but investigate the case. Here is a list of the \$100 worth of goods charged on the duplicate statement and which you will not find on the original here. Those goods were never ordered nor delivered. That ought to be

easy for you to find out. Investigate my charge, that is all I ask. You will discover that my statements are true."

Mr. Bond was silent. He was absolutely staggered to think that his trusted cashier could be actually robbing him.

"I can prove that Scott had fifty statements printed, by bringing my friend Tom Downey here," went on Bob. "He set the job up in type and both of us saw Scott in the printing office. If you want further evidence you can get it at Tucker & Tinker's. Besides, when you compare the fake statement with this, you will see that, owing to a printer's error, the 'S' is omitted in the word 'Notions.' It is not omitted in this pasted statement, because this is the one that came from Kirby & Jackson's office. That's all. I leave the matter in your hands to look into. As to Scott's charge that I stole money and checks from my cash drawer, I think my record since I came to work here will go far to disprove it."

"You have astonished me, Robert; but you have stated the matter in such a straightforward way, and it is so serious, that I feel it will have to be investigated. In the meantime say nothing about it to any one. Go to your dinner now and resume your duties when you return. I will tell Mr. Scott that you have denied his charge in every particular and that I feel that I cannot take action on his word alone, but must have some evidence of your alleged delinquency."

Satisfied that matters would go the right way, Bob left the private room and went home to his dinner.

CHAPTER V.—Scott and Castle See Their Finish.

The clerks looked at Bob as he passed out, believing he had been discharged, and they all felt sorry for him and surprised to think he could have been guilty of stealing money from his drawer. Scott, who was filling his position at the cash window, also watched his exit, and so did the assistant bookkeeper, whom the cashier had told about the situation when he came back from his lunch during the time Bob was closeted with Mr. Bond, both hoping he had been fired. They were disappointed, however, when the proprietor came out of his room and told Scott that after listening to the boy's defence he was not fully satisfied that Bob had taken the money and checks with intent to steal.

"I think you acted too hastily, Mr. Scott," he said gravely. "You should have waited till you had conclusive evidence against the boy."

"When he put the money and checks in his pocket after looking warily around, I thought that was proof enough of his intentions, sir," said Scott.

"Possibly you may be right, but not having seen the lad's actions with your eyes, and finding his explanations reasonable, I cannot take any action at present."

"What explanation did he make?" asked the cashier, anxious to learn what Bob had said to the boss.

"He denied that he had taken the money and checks at all, and declared that he did not know how they came to be in his pocket. In fact, he

accused you of putting them there to get him in trouble."

"Why, the young rascal——"

"I told him that didn't seem possible, since you could have no reason to make trouble for him."

"Of course I had no reason to do such a thing," said Scott, with a look of virtuous indignation. "I didn't have anything against him. He lied to you to try and save himself. I should think that would be enough to convince you that he was guilty. At any rate, you saw with your own eyes that I took his stealings out of his pocket."

"Well, I shall allow him to remain until tomorrow night, at any rate. That will be the end of the week. By that time I will have made up my mind on the subject."

Mr. Bond returned to his room and Scott and Castle consulted.

"I guess he'll be bounced," said the former. "Mr. Bond was inclined to waiver until I had my say just now and showed him that the boy was guilty and had lied to him in his explanation."

"I hope he goes, for I consider him dangerous to our interests," said Castle.

The cashier had been nervous while Bob was in the private room, thinking that the boy might have learned something about the original statement of Kirby & Jackson, though he was partly reassured when he had found nothing against himself when he hastily searched Bob's pockets before giving the alarm; but as Mr. Bond said nothing on the subject to him he judged that he was safe. When Bob got back from his dinner, Scott put on his hat and coat and went out to a late lunch.

Castle, pretending sympathy for Bob, asked him about the trouble, which he said the cashier had told him about. The boy, knowing that the assistant bookkeeper had no friendship for him, told him he had nothing to say on the subject, and turned his attention to his duties. While the cashier was out, Mr. Bond called Castle into his room to ask him some unimportant question. This was to enable Bob to get the fake statement out of the letter-file cabinet without the fact becoming known to the assistant bookkeeper for him to communicate to the cashier when that man got back. When Castle came back he told Bob that the boss wanted to see him. Bob entered the private room and handed the statement to Mr. Bond.

The merchant, on comparing the two statements, saw at a glance that the copied one did not bear the stamp "Paid," nor the date, which the other one did, and he was now satisfied that the boy's story was true. Sending Bob back to his window, he went into the shipping and receiving department and asked the clerk if he remembered receiving the \$100 worth of goods down on the fake statement. The clerk said he could not remember whether he had or not, but if there was any doubt on the subject Mr. Bond could send over to Kirby & Jackson and find out from their shipping receipts if the goods had been sent in. Instead of sending, Mr. Bond called at Kirby & Jackson's himself. He saw Mr. Kirby and showed him the statement.

"That doesn't look like my cashier's handwriting," he said.

"Did your cashier receipt that?" he asked.

"If he did, he omitted to stamp it with the date, which is customary with us. Anything the matter with it?"

"I think there is. Will you call your cashier in here?"

"Certainly," said the senior partner of the firm, who went to the door and called the man in.

"You received that statement, I suppose, with my check, through the mail, receipted it as shown, and returned it to my place of business?" said Mr. Bond.

The cashier looked at the statement.

"Why, that isn't the statement we sent you," he said, in some surprise, "though it is on one of our printed bills. The statement I sent to you was brought here by your cashier in person, who paid me with your check and I receipted it and handed it back to him. I recollect now there was a mistake about the check."

"A mistake!" said the merchant.

"Yes. Your cashier told me that he had made it out for \$100 more than the sum of the bill, had you sign it, and he did not notice his error till he was giving it to me. To save the trouble of going back to the store and making out a new check he said I could hand him the excess in money, which I did, and took the check."

"Oh, that's how it was?"

"Yes, sir. But how came you to get this statement? It isn't the right one, and that isn't my signature. Besides, it doesn't bear our stamp. There is something funny about it."

"Is this the right statement?" asked Mr. Bond, producing the restored one handed to him by Bob.

The cashier looked at it.

"It has been torn up and then put together again. I must compare the items with your ledger account."

"Do so," said the merchant.

The cashier carried off both statements with him. Mr. Kirby thought there was something very singular in the fact that two different statements, both receipted, relating to the previous month should be in his customer's possession, but he waited to see how the matter would turn out. He asked Mr. Bond how business was, and was told it was very fair indeed. Then the cashier returned.

"This torn statement is the correct one," he said. "My second bookkeeper made it out from your ledger account. It was paid, as I said before, with a check \$100 in excess of the amount, and which \$100 I personally handed to your cashier. The second statement is a mystery to me. It carries all the original items and others not charged against you, to the amount of \$100. I am having the matter looked up. Our shipping receipts will show if there has been any error on our part."

"I think the trouble originated in my store. I am of the opinion that you will find no evidence of having received from me orders for those five extra items, and without the orders you cannot have shipping receipts," said Mr. Bond.

"That's right, sir," nodded the cashier.

"You suspect some irregularity on the part of an employee of yours?" hazarded Mr. Kirby.

"I had rather not say whether I do or not."

Kirby understood the situation from his reply, and made no further remark on the matter. It was Mr. Bond's business, not his. In a few min-

utes the cashier came back again with the fake statement.

"We have no orders nor shipping receipts representing these goods, Mr. Bond. The torn statement is your account in full to the first of this month, and it has been paid. The second statement never came from our place. On examining the printed head, I notice that there is a printer's error in it which does not appear in our regular statements, from which I conclude that some person has had some of our statements printed for some purpose of his own."

The cashier pointed out the typographical error to Mr. Bond and Mr. Kirby and showed that the error was not in the torn statement.

"That error has already been called to my attention," said the merchant. "That is all, Mr. Kirby. I am fully satisfied now as to how matters stand. Good day."

The merchant then went directly to Tucker & Tinker's printing office. Mr. Tinker was there.

"Can you tell me who the person was who ordered fifty of those statements printed here one evening last week?" asked Mr. Bond.

Tinker called his bookkeeper and asked him to look up the ticket of the job.

"It came in on Thursday evening—the night the office was open," he said.

The ticket was produced and it bore the name "Scott."

"You have a boy working here named Tom Downey?" said Mr. Bond.

Tinker nodded.

"Have you any objection to calling him in here?"

Tom was sent for and presently appeared.

"Your name is Tom Downey?" said the merchant.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom wonderingly.

"You and Robert Brett are friends, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Brett call here to see you on Thursday evening?"

"He did."

"While he was in the printing office did a man call and leave an order for fifty of those statements?"

"Yes, sir. The foreman took the order, and I set it up. It was a rush order, to be delivered at ten o'clock, the hour we shut down. The man, who said his name was Scott, returned and got the printed statements and paid for them, I suppose."

"Describe the man as well as you can."

Tom gave a good description of Scott—good enough for Mr. Bond to see that it was his cashier.

"You and Brett went out sailing on Sunday afternoon, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And owing to an accident to the sail, you put in at one of the islands to repair it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know if there were any other persons on the island besides yourselves?"

"There were two men. I didn't see them, but Bob did, and he overheard a conversation between them about some crooked game they were going to work."

"In which one of the fifty statements printed here was to figure?"

"Yes, sir. I suppose Bob has told you all about it. You are Mr. Bond, I guess."

"I am Mr. Bond, and I am investigating the case. That is all. Oblige me by saying nothing about this conversation to any one."

"All right, sir," and Tom returned to the printery.

"What's the trouble, sir?" asked Tinker.

"It's a private matter."

"If there is anything crooked about the case, I hope you won't hold us responsible for printing those statements. We executed the order in good faith," said Tinker.

"There is no reason for you to worry, sir. You probably will hear nothing more about the matter. Good day."

Mr. Bond had secured all the evidence he needed to incriminate his cashier, and the man's faithlessness was a great shock to him. He saw that but for Bob he might have become the victim of a systematic robbery, extending over months. He had always had an excellent opinion of his cash boy, and now it was greatly increased. He went to one of the two daily papers and advertised for a competent cashier and also for an assistant bookkeeper, answers to be left at the newspaper office. Then he went to a restaurant and had his lunch, after which he returned to the store. He said nothing to Scott that afternoon, and that rascal went on with his work unconscious of what was hanging over his head. The merchant, however, told him that he would like to have the usual monthly balance sheet submitted next day. In order to get it out, Scott had to remain that evening till eleven o'clock, and he kept Castle to help him. When he came to the store next morning Mr. Bond called at the newspaper office and received several replies to his advertisement.

He sized them up in his room and sent replies to most of them, asking them to call on Monday morning at half-past eight. Mr. Bond usually went home early on Saturday, but on this occasion he remained till five o'clock. By that time Scott had his pay envelopes ready, though he didn't pass them out until ten o'clock, when the store closed. Mr. Bond called Scott into his private room and shut the door. They were closeted together for three-quarters of an hour, and when the cashier came out his face was white and his hands shook. He went directly up to Bob.

"You've pickled me, you young monkey; but remember, I'll get square with you if I'm hanged for it!" he hissed.

Mr. Bond followed him into the counting room.

"Mr. Castle," he said, "your services are no longer required at this store. Get your wages and go now."

The assistant bookkeeper turned white himself.

"What's the matter, Mr. Bond?" he faltered. "I've tried to do——"

"Yes, I know; you've tried to do me. In fact, you've helped Mr. Scott do me out of \$100. This was your starter, but it has proved your finish as well. Answer me, sir, is not this false statement in your handwriting?"

Castle looked at the paper.

"I am guilty," he said, in shaky tones, "but——"

"That's enough. Here is your envelope, and here is yours, Mr. Scott."

The two discomfited schemers slunk out of the store—discharged men.

"Robert, as an evidence of my appreciation of your services in this unpleasant affair, I will present you with this \$100," said the merchant, handing him some bills.

"I'd rather not be rewarded for what I did, sir. It was only my duty," said Bob.

"Take the money and carry it home with you when you go to supper. I think you had better go right away and get back as soon as you can. I will remain till you return. Instead of \$6, your pay hereafter will be \$7 a week."

"Thank you, sir. I will try to deserve your liberality."

"You have proved that you deserve it. Go now."

Bob put on his hat and left the store, the proprietor, to the surprise of the cash girls and subsequently to the clerks, taking his place at the window.

CHAPTER VI.—Downed in the Dark.

To say that Bob was delighted beyond measure at the receipt of \$100, as well as another dollar raise in his wages, would give only a faint idea of his feelings as he hastened homeward.

"The \$100 will put mother on Easy Street with respect to the expense attending the renewal of our mortgage. It will make her as happy as a queen. And the extra dollar on top of it will be a regular windfall," he said to himself. "I'm rolling in luck, and all because I've simply done my duty by the boss. It feels encouraging to have one's efforts appreciated. Mr. Bond is certainly a fine boss. It was one of my lucky days when I went to work for him."

Bob dashed into the house with a whoop.

"Why, Bob, you're home early to-night for your supper. It isn't quite ready yet," said his mother.

"Never mind; give me anything you can dish up. I'm in a hurry to get back to the store," he said. "Whoop!"

"What's the matter with you? You seem to be excited."

"I am excited, and so you'll be when you hear what I have to tell. But don't stand there looking at me. Remember, I've only got a few minutes to eat."

"Haven't you got your usual time?"

"No. The boss is filling my job while I'm away."

"How is that?"

"Because there's nobody else to do it. The cashier and his helper have both been bounced this afternoon."

"Did you report what you told me to Mr. Bond?"

"No; but I reported something a great deal more important which I discovered last Sunday and have been working up the proofs ever since."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; I'll tell you all about it when I get home to-night, if you're not asleep."

"So the cashier has been discharged?"

"Yes, and the assistant bookkeeper with him. He was in with Scott."

"Well, well!"

"And here is a present that Mr. Bond gave me for exposing the scheme."

Bob tossed the roll of bills to his mother.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed. "How much is there here?"

"One hundred dollars."

"As much as that?" she ejaculated, in wonder.

"Yes, mother, as much as that and, furthermore, instead of the \$1 raise I have got a \$2 one. My wages are now \$7 a week."

The little widow was quite overpowered by such good fortune. She could hardly believe her eyes when she counted the bills and found that the roll actually amounted to \$100. During the foregoing Bob was setting the table and buttering a slice of bread to begin on. In a few minutes Mrs. Brett had fried a couple of eggs and made the tea. Bob made his supper off those, with bread and butter and a slice of pie. Then he rushed back to the store to relieve Mr. Bond.

"I will put the bulk of the day's receipts in the safe, Robert," said Mr. Bond. "The rest you can lock up in that drawer, which contains the pay envelopes. Here is the key. At closing time you will pay the force off and see that the store is locked up."

"All right, sir," said Bob, feeling of unusual importance.

Then the merchant went home.

"Where are the cashier and bookkeeper to-night?" asked the floorwalker, poking his head in at Bob's window.

"They've gone away."

"How about the trouble you had to-day? Mistake on the cashier's part, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Nobody in the store believes you would steal a dollar."

"I am much obliged to the clerks and others for their good opinion. Mr. Bond appears to have the same confidence in me."

"Who's going to pay off to-night?"

"I am. I've got charge of the store for to-night."

The floorwalker went away, and before long everybody in the store knew that the cashier and the assistant bookkeeper were away, and they wondered that both should get off on Saturday night, particularly the cashier, whose business it was to be there to pay off. The fact that this duty had been delegated to Bob Brett showed that the cashier's charge against him was unfounded, and all were pleased to know that.

Business was generally good on Saturday evening, and this Saturday was no exception to the rule. Finally ten o'clock came around and Bob took his place at the cashier's window where the employees' line formed to receive their pay. Bob paid no attention to the line, as he would have to lose a lot of time looking over the envelopes for the right one, so he announced that he would call the people by name and then they could come up to the window. In this way he cleared the payroll up quickly and the employees left as soon as they got their money. The night watchman locked up the store and Bob went home.

His mother and Tom Downey outside waiting for him.

"The boss was at our shop to-day investigating the statement order," was the first thing he said. "I guess it's good night to your cashier, and perhaps the other chap, too."

"They were both fired this afternoon, about five," replied Bob.

"That so? It isn't more than they deserve. I suppose the boss complimented you for making him wise to the crooked business?"

"He thanked me and raised my pay another dollar."

"Another, eh? That makes seven."

"Correct."

"I'm only getting \$7 myself. I ought to get nine."

"What do the regular hands get?"

"Most of them \$12. One of them gets \$14, but he's extra good. I'm referring to the comps."

"Is that the regular pay of printers?"

"I should say not. That's less than two-thirds of the Union scale."

"It is! Then why do the men work for that price?"

"Because they are chumps, and because there is only one Union job office in the city. The two newspaper offices get the Union scale, on a five-year agreement, I've heard. The men don't get the same price as is paid in big cities, but they get good money. They went on strike a year ago and the question was arbitrated by some chap who came from Indianapolis where the boss Union is. He ought to come again and get the job printers in scab offices like ours to strike for decent pay; then maybe we'd get it. I guess I'd get \$12 in that case."

"Scott knows I was the cause of getting him and Castle discharged and he told me, just before he left, that he'd get square with me if he got hanged for it."

"That's a pretty strong threat. You'd better look out for him."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"I know, but you want to watch out, just the same."

"What can he do?"

"He and Castle might lay for you some Saturday night and lay you out."

"I don't walk with my eyes shut."

"If they intended to get you, they'd hide in some doorway and try to take you by surprise."

"Then I'll keep close to the curb; that will give me the chance to run before they could reach me."

"They might throw something at you and knock you down."

Bob made no reply, and they parted at the next corner. Bob had four blocks farther to go, and at that hour the streets in his neighborhood were almost deserted, and were, moreover, not extra well lighted. They were plentifully sprinkled with big round tops, behind which a person could screen himself from observation. Bob went on without meeting a soul, until he reached his own block. Then two forms rushed upon him from the shadow of a tree and downed him before he knew what had happened.

"We've got him," said one, whose voice sounded like Scott's. "Get hold of him and we'll carry him down to the railroad."

"We'd better tie his handkerchief across his mouth," said his companion. "He's liable to back his senses in a few minutes and yell out."

"All right," said the first, and they proceeded to do as they were told. They tied the handkerchief across Bob's mouth and then they carried him down to the railroad.

halfway to their destination, but it didn't do him any good.

"What did I tell you?" said the second chap, who we may as well admit was Castle, the other being Scott.

They knew the route the boy would take in going straight home and had laid for him with very unfriendly intentions. The railroad was reached at last—a lonesome stretch along a pocket of the lake, near a culvert.

"We'll tie him down to this track," said Scott. "The express will be along in the course of fifteen minutes, and after it has passed there won't be enough left of him to make a decent funeral."

"Hold on. I didn't agree to anything like that. It's murder!" said Castle.

"What if it is? He's the cause of our being without a job, and I've sworn to do him up," said Scott fiercely.

"Don't be foolish. The arrangement was to put him in a freight car and ship him out of the place."

"Do you see any freight car about here?"

"No. But we can carry him down to the yard, watch our chance, and lock him in an empty car going west."

"Do you suppose I'm going to take all that trouble and run the chance of getting caught? Not much!"

"Well, I won't have any hand in killing him."

"Bah! You're too squeamish."

"Look yonder, there's an old covered dugout. We can put him on board of that and after poling the boat into the river let it go where it will."

"That's a magnificent idea of yours," said Scott sneeringly. "Why, he'd be back in the city before Monday and we'd have had all our trouble for nothing. No, I'm for tying him down on the express track and getting rid of him at once."

"Do it yourself if you want to; I'm out of it."

"Confound you! I thought you said you'd stand in with me?"

"So I will, in anything short of murder. I draw the line at that."

"Your dugout plan is rotten. If you won't help me do what I want, we can't do anything with him to-night."

"Are you going to let him go, then?"

"Not much. We'll carry him over to the old mill yonder and tie him up in the cellar until we decide what other way we can fix him. Nobody ever goes there, so he'll be safe enough."

"All right," said Castle.

So Bob was lifted again and carried half a mile to the old decayed mill, which had once upon a time ground meal for the farmers round about when Chester was a very small town and the country was thinly settled. The cellar was a dark and dismal place at any time, but particularly so at night, when no sounds but the bullfrogs and katydids broke the silence of the locality, except when the night expresses flashed past, or the night freight rumbled on its cumbersome way westward.

The place was full of debris, and Scott went forward first with lighted matches to get the lay of things. Poor Bob was finally tightly bound to a post and left in the darkness and solitude to pass the night as best he could.

CHAPTER VII.—Bob's Discovery.

When the two men went away, intending to return next day, Bob was fully conscious and aware of the identity of his aggressors.

"I didn't expect they would go for me so soon," he muttered, "nor did I look to be held up so close to my house. My, but Scott is a bad chap! He wanted to tie me down to the railroad track where the express would run over me. He evidently meant the threat he uttered to me after he was bounced. They intend to come back in the morning and pickle me in some way, though my life is safe as long as Castle has anything to say."

Not relishing the thought of being pickled, Bob began an effort to release himself from his bonds. He would never have succeeded, for Scott had taken care to see that he was well secured, had the upright to which he was tied been of ordinary strength. It was one of the supports of the building, and after a service of fifty years had been attacked by dry rot. It looked solid enough outside, but inside it was like so much punk.

Bob felt it creak, but did not have any idea that it was likely to give way. But that is what it suddenly did, and the boy fell forward on his face. A part of the upright clung to his back, held there by the rope, but Bob soon got rid of it, and the rope as well. Lighting a match, he began making his way over the debris in the cellar toward the stairs in one corner. Suddenly he heard the sounds of footsteps and voices above. His first thought was that Scott and Castle had returned. He picked up a stout piece of wood and prepared to surprise them when they came into the cellar. The steps and voices approached the cellar stairs. Bob now noticed that the latter sounded in no way like the tones of his two enemies. Apparently two other men had come to the old mill for some purpose. They descended the stairs, assisted by a short piece of lighted candle.

Bob retired to the space under the stairs, where he stood every chance of escaping observation, and awaited developments. He wanted to be sure of the character of the newcomers before venturing to show himself.

"I guess nobody has been here lately," said the man with the candle.

"The only thing that would draw people to this old place would be the report that a murder had just been committed here," said the other.

"Or if the place accidentally took fire and burned down, quite a bunch probably would come out to see the ruins," said the first speaker.

"The things we buried here are safe enough, I guess."

"I judge they are, but I want to make sure. The police might have been here nosing around."

Those words convinced Bob that the two men were shady characters.

"Hello!" ejaculated the other. "Somebody has been down in this cellar since we were here. Look at that broken upright. It was not broken when we buried the swag."

"I guess that's the work of boys. Some kids were probably playing in the building to-day."

The men moved over to a certain spot, pulled

some of the debris aside, and one of them looked under the pile of rubbish.

"The bags are there, all right," he said.

"Then we'd better carry them off with us."

"I think it would be safer to leave them here a month till the police have grown tired of hunting for us. You see, there's quite a lot of the plunder, and if we were seen walking along the road or across the field with those bags on our shoulders, people would suspect something, and the first thing we'd know the police would be down upon us. If we didn't have the bags and were pulled in as suspicious characters, nothing could be proved against us, and we'd get off. A month from now, when people have forgotten about the robbery, we can return and walk off with the bags without attracting much notice."

"Where shall we hang out in the meanwhile?"

"A farmer named Jones wants two hands to drive field wagons, knowledge of farming not of importance. We might try to get the jobs. The wages are \$10 a month and keep."

"Whereabouts is this place?"

"About four miles down the road to Phoenix."

"How did you learn about the jobs—from an advertisement?"

"No. A farmhand I met in a saloon told me about them. He thought I was looking for work."

"We'll call on the farmer in the morning."

"All right. I'll cover the bags up again. We'll carry them off in a month."

The two men, who were evidently professional thieves, then left the cellar.

"I'll bet those are the men who burglarized the Dutton house three nights ago. The papers were full of the story next day. The loss was placed at \$15,000, mostly in jewelry and silverware. The burglars didn't get a dollar of money. Mr. Dutton has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the recovery of his property. He can easily afford to give that, for he's president of the Chester Bank, the biggest bank in the city. My, if that's his stolen property, I stand to win the reward."

The thought of making \$1,000 greatly excited Bob. He struck a match and went to the spot where the two bags were hidden. Pulling some of the rubbish aside, he saw two good-sized bags lying side by side under the debris. With some difficulty he pulled one of them out and lighted another match to look at it. It was a common cloth bag, fully distended by a lot of hard objects that had been stuffed into it and tested its capacity. It was tied at the mouth by a piece of thick cord. Bob undid the cord in the dark, thrust in his hand and pulled out something that felt like a pitcher. Striking one of his last matches, Bob saw it was a heavy silver pitcher, and a glance into the bag showed that it was filled with plate.

"I guess this is part of Mr. Dutton's property, for he reported that among other things the thieves took a valuable set of silverware. As those rascals probably won't return to-night, at any rate, I'll re-cover this bag and the first thing in the morning I'll call at Mr. Dutton's house and tell him about my discovery. He'll come here with me, and if he recognizes his property, why, I ought to get the reward, or a part of it, at any rate," thought Bob.

He pushed the bag back, re-covered it as before, and left the old mill. He got home about

midnight and found his mother very anxious because he had failed to show up at his usual time. He explained what had happened to him and said that his aggressors had taken his pay envelope containing his \$7 wages away from him. His mother was greatly concerned about the attack which had been made on him, and about the loss of the \$7, which was a very serious matter, though not so serious after the receipt of the \$100.

"It's a good thing I didn't have the \$100 with me, too, or I'd have lost that. But never mind, mother, I think I'm going to make more than \$100 through this night's adventure."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Then he told her about the two men who had visited the cellar of the old mill, and the two bags of stolen property that were hidden there.

"I am satisfied it is the stuff that was stolen the other night from the home of Mr. Dutton. He has offered a reward of \$1,000 for its recovery. Now it looks as if I stood a good show of earning that reward," said Bob.

"A thousand dollars! My goodness!" exclaimed his mother.

"Sounds big, doesn't it?" laughed the boy. "You could pay off half of the mortgage with it, and then all your financial worries would come to an end."

Mrs. Brett thought such a condition of affairs was too good to ever come true, or at least for quite a while. Mother and son retired to bed, but Bob was so excited at the prospect of making even a part of the reward offered by the banker that it was some time before he got to sleep. He was out of bed early, but he could do nothing until after breakfast, which was over at half-past eight, and then he started for the residence of Mr. Dutton, which was one of the finest houses in the residential section of Chester.

It stood in its own extensive grounds and backed on an arm of the lake, where the banker had a private wharf and his son Frank had a sloop yacht in which he went out with the boys and girls of his own set. A thick hedge surrounded the property on three sides. There was a tall carriage gate in front, through which a driveway led up to an arched porch, and a small, iron gate where visitors on foot went in. At one end were similar gates for the admission of tradesmen.

Bob entered through the small, iron gate and advanced across the well-kept lawn. A pretty girl was swinging lazily in a hammock stretched on the end of the porch. This was Lulu Dutton, the banker's daughter. She regarded Bob's appearance with some curiosity, wondering who he was and what he wanted. Bob stepped on the porch and looked at her.

"Well?" said Miss Lulu inquiringly.

"I called to see Mr. Dutton," said the visitor.

"Ring the bell and the girl will take your name and business," she said.

Bob rang the bell. In a few minutes a maid appeared.

"I would like to see Mr. Dutton on important business," said Bob.

"I will take your name in to him," she said.

Bob gave his name and the maid went away. She returned presently and told Bob to follow her. He was ushered into the library, in a stone

wing, where the banker was reading a newspaper. Pointing to a chair, Mr. Dutton asked him how he could serve him.

"Your house was entered by two burglars last week, who took a considerable amount of valuable property away, according to the account I read in the Daily News," began Bob.

The banker nodded, eyeing his young visitor curiously.

"I think I have discovered where your property was hidden by the burglars, who have not yet carried it very far."

"Indeed!" said the banker, now decidedly interested. "Tell me what you have discovered. I have offered \$1,000 reward for its recovery. If you know where it is, and I get it all back, you shall have the money."

"I will tell you my story, but to make it intelligible I must add a few things which will not particularly interest you," said Bob.

He then stated that he was the cash boy at Mr. Bond's dry goods and notions store on Main street. He explained how he discovered that the cashier and his assistant were working a scheme to steal money from the proprietor.

"I exposed the game to Mr. Bond and the two men were discharged late yesterday," continued Bob. "The cashier told me before he left that he would get square with me for bringing about the exposure. I paid little attention to him. We work on Saturday evenings till ten o'clock, and it was close on to eleven when I reached the block in which I live."

Bob then told how he was suddenly assaulted in the dark by the cashier and his confederate, who were laying for him, carried down to the railroad, where the cashier proposed to tie him to the track over which the night express, almost due, ran westward.

"Castle objected to taking a hand in murder, so, after some discussion, they carried me to the old mill, took me into the cellar, bound me to a post and left me," went on Bob. "As I didn't care to stay there, I put up a struggle to get free. This probably would not have been a success and I would be there yet, but that the post gave way. Now I come to the part that I believe concerns you, sir. I was leaving the cellar when two men appeared. Not caring to show myself after my recent experience until I found out whether the men were honest or not, I hid under the stairs. From their conversation I learned they had robbed a house, and it soon turned out that their booty was hidden under a pile of refuse. After they went away I looked under the debris and saw two bags full of something. I opened one and discovered that it contained silverware, and it seemed to be real silver. I remembered that you had been robbed of a set of silverware among other things, so covering the bags again I went home and now have come here to tell you about it."

The banker jumped up.

"I will get out my auto and we will go to the old mill. If the bags contain my stolen property the reward shall be yours without question," he said.

Fifteen minutes later they were rolling out of the big gate.

CHAPTER VIII.—Bob Wins the Reward.

It didn't take the auto very long to cover the distance to the old mill. The county road ran close to the ancient building, which stood back perhaps a hundred yards. A lane, almost obliterated by tangled vegetation, took the car right up to the door of the mill. Provided with a candle, they entered the cellar and Bob uncovered the two bags. Opening the one he had looked into, he took out the pitcher. The banker declared it belonged to him, pointing to his monogram engraved on it. Bob then pulled out several articles, and Mr. Dutton recognized them all.

"There seems to be no doubt that these bags contain what was taken from my house, and I am delighted to recover it. We will put the bags in the auto and take them to the house. Your strenuous adventure last night seems to have earned you a thousand dollars, which will rather surprise your enemies when they hear about it. You had better put the police on them without delay."

The two bags were removed to the car and they began their return trip. During it Bob told the banker that the burglars talked about getting a job with a farmer named Jones, who lived near Phoenix.

"If the police went to the farm to-day they might catch the fellows," he said.

Mr. Dutton said he would communicate with the authorities on the subject and also notify them that he had recovered his stolen property. There was great joy at the Dutton house when the bags of silverware and other stolen property were emptied out in the dining room and their contents found to correspond with what was missing. Bob was regarded by the family as a sort of hero, and he suddenly found himself on excellent terms with Frank and Lulu Dutton. When he left the house it was with the knowledge that a \$1,000 check was coming his way next day. He went to the station house and told his story of how he had been attacked by Scott and Castle and confined by them in the cellar of the old mill.

He swore out a warrant against them and told the police that the addresses of the rascals would be found in the directory. Two officers were detailed to make the arrest, but neither was caught. They had visited the mill that morning soon after Bob and the banker were there, and, finding that the boy had made his escape, they concluded that they had better leave the city for a while. Officers visited the Jones farm and learned that two men answering Bob's description, which was somewhat vague, as he did not get a very good look at them in the dark cellar, had been there that morning looking for a job which they did not get. What direction they had gone on leaving, the farmer could not say.

The officers went on to Phoenix and made inquiries there, but nobody had seen the men, so they returned to Chester and reported their non-success. Two other officers were sent to the mill to lie in wait there, on the chance that they might come there after their plunder. Next morning's Daily News had the story of the recovery of the banker's stolen property through the efforts of Bob Brett. It gave the particulars of the attack made on Bob the night before by the two men

discharged from the Bond store through his means.

Most of the clerks in the store read the News before they arrived there, and consequently now understood why the cashier and assistant bookkeeper were not attending to their duties in the counting room on Saturday evening. As the paper stated that the \$1,000 reward offered by the banker would be paid to Bob, he found himself a personage of considerable importance that morning. He was the subject of all the conversations between the clerks, and the little cash girls looked at him with wide-open eyes.

Mr. Bond, of course, read what was printed in the News, and he was not a little astonished. He had not intended to tell any one about the cause which led to the disappearance from his office of Scott and Castle, but Bob had given enough away to make the matter quite clear. He was not put out because his cash boy had given out the information, because he had been obliged to do it in order to explain the cause of the attack made upon him by the two rascals.

By their act they had brought the public exposure upon themselves, and therefore Mr. Bond felt relieved of any responsibility in the matter. He was glad that Bob had won the reward, for he believed the boy fully deserved it and would use the money to good advantage. When he reached the store he had a short talk with Bob at his window, and congratulated him on his good fortune. A new cashier and an assistant bookkeeper were hired that day, and Mr. Bond spent some time in explaining things to the former. His name was Walter Peck, and the new bookkeeper's name was Fred Carter.

A messenger from the bank brought Bob the promised check and he carried it home to his mother, who got it cashed and put it in the bank with her other money. It was agreed that the mortgage should be renewed for \$1,000. The burglars must have read what was printed in the Daily News, for they did not go near the old mill again, and the police had to give up their capture as a bad job.

Tom Downey was quite staggered when he read the News that morning. Bob and he had not gone sailing the day before, nor had they come together, which was unusual. Tom called twice at Bob's house, but on both occasions Nellie Brett, who had got back from her vacation, told him that her brother was out and she did not know when he would get back, so Tom went out sailing with another friend of his. Tom couldn't get to Bob's house any too quick on Monday evening. Bob was just finishing his supper when he arrived.

"Say, is that all true about you I saw in the paper this morning, and in the afternoon edition, too?" asked Tom.

"Yes; it is true," returned Bob.

"Great Scott! What luck you tumbled into! You've made \$1,000."

"Yes. I've got the check in the house. Want to see it?"

Tom said he guessed he'd like to see a check for such a sum, so Mrs. Brett let him look at it.

"My! that's a lot of money," he said. "What are you going to do with it, Bob?"

"I've given it to my mother."

"What! All of it?"

"Every cent."

"How about the \$100 you got Saturday?"

"I've given her that, too."

"Well, I wasn't wrong when I told you those chaps would try to take you by surprise."

"They did take me by surprise. I didn't expect they would go for me so soon."

"Did you have them arrested?"

"The officers went after them, but I haven't heard that they have been caught."

"They might have skipped out of the city."

"So much the better, provided they do not come back."

"The police are looking for the burglars, the paper said."

"Probably they will be arrested in a day or two."

"Say, there was a man called an organizer around at our office at noon to-day talking with the men."

"What about?"

"He wants to make a Union shop of it with others that he is working up. The foreman told him there was no chance of such a thing, as the bosses were opposed to organized labor. After he went away the comps got talking the matter over among themselves. They liked the idea, because if it went through it would mean a big boost in their wages. However, there isn't the least chance that Tucker & Tinker will agree. They couldn't take work near so cheap as they do now if they had to pay Union wages."

"Couldn't they get the work if they charged more?"

"They do work for customers who look for cheap prices."

"If all the job printing offices went into the Union and charged higher rates their customers would have to pay them, wouldn't they?"

"They surely would if they wanted to get the work done."

"Then the offices ought to go into the Union and pay decent wages all around."

"Sure they ought, but they won't."

"Well, the printer who does our work pays Union wages, or at least a scale that the Union has accepted, and he gets along all right. It's the best and biggest office in the city. If he can make it pay, I don't see why the others can't."

"Too much competition and cutting of prices."

"But our printer gets lots of work at good prices."

"He does the best work, I guess."

"Because he employs Union printers?"

"I guess so. As he pays good wages, he can get the best men. Tucker & Tinker pays any old price and they get printers who are willing to work for low wages. None of them stay long—that is, no good comp does. We sometimes catch a real good chap who is on his uppers and has to work or starve. If he hasn't a card he can't get on at your printer's, so he has to work where he can."

"Did that organizer talk to your bosses?"

"No, but he probably will."

"Do you think he'll do anything in this place?"

"He talked as if he was wound up for business. It wouldn't surprise me if he brought about a strike in all the offices."

"Including yours?"

"I don't know about our place. I don't believe

give you every satisfaction, I am willing to go back to my present duties and await another chance."

Thus spoke Bob, and the earnest and energetic way he advanced his claims were not lost on the merchant. Instead of smiling again at the boy's pretensions, he started in to find out how much the lad really did know about the details of the store. Bob's knowledge surprised him.

"How did you learn so much?"

"By keeping my eyes and ears well employed and giving all my attention to your business. I never told you that it was by using my eyes that I first began to suspect Scott of petty stealings. A man who will pilfer a nickel is quite likely to try for larger sums when the chance offers. While it was mainly an accident that betrayed Scott's statement scheme to me, still I'd have caught him at it sooner or later, for I was watching him closely," said Bob.

"You seem to have the power of observation, and that's a prime qualification for the position you are aspiring to," said Mr. Bond.

After a long talk with the boy he came to the conclusion that it might be to his interest to train the boy up as his general assistant in the store. It was a responsible position, and he wanted to get a person in whom he could have perfect confidence. He was satisfied he could depend on Bob, and when he had been trained he would be just the assistant that he wanted. He told Bob he would think it over and let him know his decision in a day or two. He decided to give Bob a trial in certain duties, and if he showed up well he would begin the training process at once.

So Bob was temporarily removed from the counting room and another assistant to the book-keeper hired for the time being. Bob tackled his new duties like a house afire. He was dead anxious to hold on to his new line of action, for it was thoroughly in accord with his ambition. Mr. Bond kept close tab on him, for he was interested himself in the result of the experiment. At the end of the first week he was pleased with the result so far. At the end of the second week Bob's improvement was so marked that the merchant felt he had made no mistake in giving the boy the chance he had asked for.

Two weeks before Christmas the store began to keep open every night, and Bob was put in complete charge at night. Many things arose that required adjustment, and Bob had to settle them according to his best judgment, and next day he reported what he had done to Mr. Bond. The clerks began to wake up to the fact that the late cash boy was developing into the assistant manager of the store. His attitude toward the old help, whom he knew so well, had changed completely. He was no longer hail-fellow-well-met with them, but was reserved, dignified, and polite to them.

Every once in a while a clerk or sales girl was reported for some shortcoming, real or imagined, and the case always came up to the boy. His sympathy was always with the employees, and he gave them the benefit of any doubt, but when they really were in the wrong he let them understand it, but in a way that won their respect and enhanced regard, and caused them to try and not to repeat the delinquency. He tried to make it plain to the employees that he was their friend

but at the same time that he required the best service they could render. Owing to his youth the new salespeople rather resented a call-down from him. Some of the girls got huffed, while the men showed an independent spirit. Bob's firm and courteous way of handling them soon brought them to their senses, and he made friends where some persons would have created enemies. Thus matters went on to the first of the year, and then Bob was officially announced as the assistant manager of the store and his wages placed at \$20 a week.

CHAPTER X.—What Came to Bob By Express.

One morning an express wagon stopped at the store and a small, important-looking package, addressed to Robert Brett, Esq., was delivered at the counting room, charges paid. The cashier handed it to Bob when he came in there half an hour afterward. Bob looked at it curiously and wondered who could have sent it to him and what it contained. It was tightly corded up and sealed on the back with red wax. From the shape and feel it appeared to be a wooden box. It was not heavy.

"I can't imagine who could have sent me this," he said. "There is nothing on the wrapper indicating the sender."

"Probably you'll find a letter inside," said the cashier.

Bob cut the cord with a scissors and pulled off the wrapper. That exposed a double layer of cotton batting.

"It must be something fragile for the sender to take all that trouble," said the boy, as he started to remove the batting.

Then an oblong box, with a sliding cover made out of thin, white wood, came to light. There was no letter, or even a slip of paper, from the sender. Bob was about to insert his finger nail in the indentation of the cover to slide it off when the office boy appeared and told him that Mr. Bond wanted to see him in his room. The young assistant manager put the box down on the edge of the copying press table and went to see the proprietor. While he was away the office stenographer came in and handed the cashier three or four typewritten letters, with envelopes to match, for him to look over and sign. She asked for the postal guide—a thick, paper-covered book containing the names of all the post offices in the country, alphabetically arranged by States. It stood in its place among a collection of other books on a shelf above the copying press.

The cashier pointed to the shelf and the girl went over and reached for the book. Being short of stature, she was just able to get it by standing on her toes. A small, heavy, cloth-covered book rested partly on top of the guide, and when she pulled the guide out the other book was displaced and fell square upon the thin wooden box which had come to Bob by express. Its weight crushed in the box and a flash and loud report followed.

The girl uttered a shrill shriek, and, staggering back, fell in a heap close to the cashier. In a moment the whole store was the scene of great excitement. The report and the scream from the counting room gave the impression that some-

that half our comps are good enough to hold a job in a Union office if they had cards."

"Then it wouldn't pay them to join the Union."

"It would in the long run. They might improve in time. I'm going to quit the shop if one or two other offices become unionized. There is no future in Tucker & Tinker's for me. I intend to be a good printer or quit the business. A man who doesn't know his trade is no credit to himself. A man who does can nearly always get work at right wages."

"That's right. If I was learning a trade I'd learn it from the ground floor up. I'm learning office work at present, but I expect some day to do better than a bookkeeper or cashier. Our store is growing with the city, and some day Mr. Bond will need a manager to help him run the store. I'm looking for that job."

"There's nothing slow about you," grinned Tom.

"I hope not. The world is too rapid for the slow man to-day. There are plums to be got everywhere, and those are the things for a boy to aim after. I believe in aiming high. You may not reach the mark, but you're bound to be better off for it."

"Then I guess I'll aim to be the foreman of a shop," said Tom.

He picked up his hat and said it was time for him to get home, for he had to be up at half-past six. The following afternoon's paper announced that the printers at Tucker & Tinker's had struck at noon that day for higher wages.

CHAPTER IX.—Bob's Perseverance Is Rewarded.

Bob found the new cashier and the new assistant bookkeeper very nice persons. They seemed to understand that he stood high in the proprietor's estimation, although he was only a cash boy. Doubtless they had read in the papers how he had brought about the discharge of their predecessors by getting on to their crooked business, and this fact probably made them entertain considerable respect for him. At any rate, they treated him very nicely and he responded in kind. When Bob left the store at six he found Tom outside waiting for him.

"Heard the news?" Tom asked.

"What news?"

"It's in the evening paper. All hands quit the shop at noon to-day."

"What for?" asked Bob, in some surprise.

"For more money. We want higher wages."

"I hope you'll get it. In the meantime you're out of work."

"Yes."

"I'll speak to Mr. Bond in the morning and see if he'll try and get you a place at our printer's. You can join the Union as an apprentice, can't you?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll do the best I can for you."

Bob kept his word and asked Mr. Bond to speak to his printer. The merchant agreed to write a letter recommending Bob's friend. The result of the matter was that Tom was taken on at Caslon's printing office and was immediately made a member of the Union. The strike at

Tucker & Tinker's was compromised, the men getting a small raise. Two weeks later there was a general strike of all the job offices, except Caslon's. That office got a lot of work in consequence that wouldn't have otherwise come there and the shop had to work overtime many nights. In the end the Union gained all the offices except Tucker & Tinker's, and two or three other small ones.

Business was not slow at Bob's place that summer. The city took on a boom and many new people came there to live. On the first of September Mr. Bond rented the store next door and connected the two stores with an arched doorway. He moved his notions department into the next store and added extensively to his dry goods business. He added a shoe department next door for ladies and children. He also made other additions. This made a lot more work for his office and counting room. He did away with Bob's job as cash boy, and in his place put a girl cashier in each department. Bob was made second assistant bookkeeper, under the first assistant, and his wages raised to \$9.

As he had very little knowledge of bookkeeping, Bob started to attend the night session of a commercial college. He made rapid progress, for he was anxious to get ahead, and being helped along by the assistant bookkeeper, his work gave perfect satisfaction. Bob had many chances to get acquainted with the general details of the business, and he took advantage of them. He picked up a lot more than was expected of him. His object was to get higher than the counting room. He really didn't care to be a bookkeeper, though he wanted to be a good one, just the same.

Along about Thanksgiving he heard the cashier tell the second bookkeeper that the boss was going to hire a man to help him attend to the details of the store. There was nothing slow about Bob, as his friend Tom had remarked. At the first chance he asked Mr. Bond for an interview. He stated that he had overheard the cashier say he was going to get a man to help him run the store.

"Now, sir, as my ambition lies in that direction, and not in the routine of a counting room, perhaps you might see your way to giving me the job," said Bob.

The merchant smiled.

"I'd be glad to do so, Robert, but I'm afraid you haven't had enough experience to qualify you for the duties of an assistant manager. It's only three months ago that you graduated from cash boy to an assistant bookkeeper."

"I know that, sir, but I've learned a whole lot in those three months. I knew from the way business has been increasing that you'd soon have to get a person to help you, and I've been doing my best to pick up a knowledge in that direction. If you would take me right under your eye and give me a trial, I feel sure I'll make good—as good as anybody you could hire. It will take some of your time, of course, but I think that in the long run you'll find the investment will pay. The fact that I may seem too young for such a position is against me, I know, but you'll never find an assistant who will devote more time and attention to your interests than I will. Try me for a week and see how I pan out. If I fail to

body had shot one of the girls, and for a moment customers and salespeople were panicstricken. Many of the former started for the street, while others turned pale and looked in the direction of the office, where a thin cloud of dark smoke could be seen rising above the top of the glass partition.

The report and the scream were naturally heard quite plainly in the private room office, and brought Mr. Bond and Bob out with a rush to see what had happened. They saw the cashier lifting the motionless stenographer from the floor.

"Great heavens! What has happened?" ejaculated the merchant.

"There was an explosion at the copying press where Miss Allen was standing in the act of getting down the postal guide," replied the cashier. "She fell to the floor with a scream. That's all I know about it."

"An explosion! I thought it was a pistol shot. There's a strong smell of some powerful chemical in here, and there is some smoke. What could have been near the press to explode? Is the girl badly hurt? Telephone for a doctor, Robert."

Bob hastened to do so, full of wonder at the occurrence. When he got back he found a crowd of employees around the office. The stenographer was in the hands of two of the girls and had come to. Apparently she was suffering mainly from the shock, but there were cuts on one of her arms, as from flying missiles, and her dress was not only torn in several places, but pieces of metal were adhering to it. An examination of the copying press and table showed it to be cut up, and the woodwork behind it was stuck full of bits of metal and large tacks. The book which had caused the trouble lay on the floor beside the press and one of the covers was badly cut up, several tacks and small pieces of metal sticking right through it into the printed pages.

In the excitement Bob forgot all about the box he had laid on the press until his eyes rested on the wrapper and cotton in the waste paper basket. Then his attention was drawn to splinters of white wood lying around the end of the room. Quick as a flash the truth occurred to him. The box sent to him by express had contained some kind of an infernal machine, intended to explode in the hands when he removed, or tried to remove, the sliding cover. He had read in the papers about such a contrivance which had blinded a man in a big city and otherwise maimed him. He shuddered as he thought of his narrow escape.

He at once called the attention of the mystified proprietor to the box, now no more, which had been delivered by an expressman, addressed to him, only a short time before.

"It was evidently sent by some enemy, and had you not sent for me when you did I'd have got the full benefit of the explosion and it might have finished me," he said.

The cashier and his assistant corroborated Bob's story of the arrival of the box, and producing the wrapper and the cotton batting, with the cord, showed how carefully it had been done up to prevent any accident happening en route.

"Who could have sent that to you?" asked Mr. Bond, with a serious expression.

"I couldn't tell you, sir. I don't like to think that Scott, our ex-cashier, did it. He is the only person who is down on me enough to attempt such a thing."

"You know of no other enemy, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"Then it must have been that rascal. Telephone for the police to send an officer here to make an investigation. You, Mr. Peck, have this room carefully gone over for all the scraps and put them together, with the wrapper and cotton lining. This is a most astounding outrage. That poor girl might have been killed or injured for life. It is providential that she escaped with the shock and a few scratches. She must go home for the rest of the day," said Mr. Bond.

The excitement in the store was gradually allayed and things settled down, but the report that one of Mr. Bond's salesgirls had been shot in the store spread to the street and neighborhood and caused a considerable crowd to gather around both entrances. This drew a policeman to the scene, who was told by several in the crowd that a girl had been shot in the store. He entered to find out whether that was the case or not. He was met by Bob, who gave him the true facts of the case. While they were talking, a detective from the station house, in response to the boy's phone request, came in.

He proceeded at once with an investigation, while the policeman went outside and dispersed the crowd, telling the curious that there had been no shooting in the store. Some person phoned the office for the Daily News that a girl had been shot in the Bond Department Store, and a reporter on the evening staff was sent to investigate. He arrived while the detective was gathering points. He learned from the floorwalker most of the true facts and then came up to the cashier's window for further information. He was referred to Bob, who admitted the receipt of an infernal machine which had exploded while standing on the copying press table while he was out of the room.

He declined to make any statement as to whom he suspected as the author of the outrage, nor would he admit whether there was a clue to the perpetrator. The reporter secured enough information to write up a thriller for the first page of the afternoon edition. The detective carried away all the evidence of the machine, and also the boy's statement that the only person he suspected was Donald Scott, the store's former cashier, who had threatened to get square with him.

CHAPTER XI.—The Stag Party.

On the morning after the story was printed in the afternoon edition of the News, Bob received a letter from Banker Dutton congratulating him on his escape from the infernal machine. Miss Lulu Dutton and her mother dropped in at the store that day and after making some purchases asked for Bob. He appeared in his neat business suit, and they thought he looked ever so much improved over the first time they had met him when he was instrumental in restoring their stolen property.

They were greatly surprised to learn that he had become the assistant manager of the store.

"You must be a very smart boy," remarked Mrs. Dutton.

Bob smiled and blushed some. He believed that he was smart—his rise in the store justifying his belief. Miss Lulu regarded him in a different light to what she had done before, and showed it in her manner toward him. Next day Frank Dutton came around, congratulated him on his escape, and invited him to call on him at his house any time it would be convenient for him to do so. Bob said he would be glad to do so some evening. Of course Tom got around to Bob's house as soon as he read in the Evening News the particulars of the infernal machine, which he did on his way home from Caslon's printing office.

"Gee! You had a hot time at the store to-day!" he said when he came in.

"You've read about it, I suppose?"

"How else would I have heard of it? Who sent you that bomb—Scott?"

"I have no evidence that he did."

"But you suspect him, don't you? The moment I read the story I said to myself, 'That's the work of Scott.'"

"Well, he's the only person I know of who holds a grudge against me," admitted the young manager.

"You forgot those two crooks who lost their plunder through you. Maybe they sent the bomb to get square."

"I forgot about them. It is possible."

"It's my opinion, though, that Scott sent it. He showed a murderous feeling toward you when he wanted to tie you to the railroad track that night."

"Somebody sent it, at any rate."

That practically ended the discussion about the infernal machine for the time being. In the end the sender of the bomb remained a mystery. Of course the rascal learned through the papers that the attempt on Bob's life had failed. Several weeks passed away, during which Bob got on very friendly terms with the Dutton family, particularly Frank and Lulu. His social standing was hardly good enough for him to be received into their set, but they accepted him as a friend themselves. The banker was satisfied that Bob was an unusual kind of a boy, who was making his mark early, and was pretty certain to turn out a successful business man. In his opinion, such a boy deserved every consideration.

Spring was well advanced and Bob and Tom had resumed their boating on the lake. It was about this time that Bob received an invitation from Frank Dutton to go out in his sloop yacht with a stag party of his friends on Friday evening. The party met at the Dutton home and had a special supper together. Bob was introduced as the assistant manager of the Bond Department Store, and such an important position caused the rest of the boys to regard him with favor, though they knew that he was not socially their equal. Among boys out on a pleasure jaunt the social line was not drawn very tight. Bob looked and acted as a good fellow, and he was accepted as such. The party embarked and started for the island where the picnics were held. It was a bright night, and the moon would be up later on. The wind was not very strong, but the yacht was fast on a light breeze.

There was good fishing all over the lake, but

particularly in the neighborhood of the picnic island. The yacht lay close to the island and fishing tackle was got out and the sport began. The fish took to the bait offered and by the time the moon rose the party had taken on board all they wanted. They then ran in to the island and went ashore. After holding a sort of high jinks in and about the empty building until eleven o'clock, they returned to the shore and started to prepare a fish supper. While the party was thus employed, two men came lounging on the scene.

"Hello, young gents!" said one. "I see you're cooking something. P'raps you wouldn't mind dividing a bit with a couple of half-starved gents about our size?"

Bob, who was lying on the ground in the shadow of the trees and shrubbery that lined the shore, regarded the two strangers with some curiosity. They looked familiar to him, and the voice of the chap who was doing the talking seemed familiar, too. At first he was a bit puzzled to think where he had run across them, but in a few minutes it suddenly struck him that they were the two burglars he had seen in the cellar of the old mill. Frank Dutton promised the man that he and his companion should share in their repast and also promised to carry them back to the city.

"You're a trump, young gent. What might be your name?"

"It might be Smith, or Jones, but it isn't," laughed Frank. "It happens to be Dutton."

The man exchanged a look with his companion, and they went and sat down a short distance away. Then Bob called Frank over and told him who he suspected the men were.

"Are you sure of it?" said Frank, a bit startled.

"I couldn't swear to it, but I'd be willing to make a small bet on it."

"And I've promised to feed them," said Frank.

"That won't matter. They can't do us any harm, for there are too many of us. You've promised to take them across. I wish you hadn't, for then we could send the police over here to investigate them. I guess they've been hanging out here on the quiet, figuring perhaps on some job to raise the wind. Their boat might have got adrift and it might not. They may not be anxious to leave the island, but it would look suspicious, under the circumstances, if they refused your offer. Doubtless, if they're the chaps I think they are, they stole the boat that brought them here. If they mean to return they'll steal another. They ought to be watched."

"I'll telephone the police about them from the house."

"But you won't know where they will go after you have landed them."

"It will be up to the police to catch them."

Their conversation was carried on in a low tone, and at this point the boys who were acting as cooks announced that supper was ready. Two leaves of bread were brought from the yacht, with tin plates, cups, cheap knives and forks and other articles Frank had provided and kept aboard for the outings he was accustomed to go on from time to time. A plate of fish, with bread and butter and coffee, was handed to each of the strangers and they proceeded to eat it like hun-

gry men. The boys enjoyed their own repast hugely and paid no further attention to the men, who kept their distance. At the end of the meal a kettle of water was heated and the dishes washed and returned on board the yacht. Then a foot race in the moonlight was proposed by one, and the others fell in with the idea.

Frank had temporarily forgotten the strangers, and he eagerly entered the race. Before Bob knew what was on the tapis, the bunch were off across the grass. Bob had not forgotten the strangers, and, as he did not trust them, he walked down to the yacht and stepped on board. The strangers got up and followed him.

"I s'pose we can come aboard now," said the spokesman. "We've been promised a passage across to the city."

"You'll have to wait till the fellows get back. They won't be gone more than a few minutes," replied Bob.

"We'd prefer to come aboard now," said the stranger, in a somewhat aggressive tone.

"Keep back!" cried Bob, as the man lifted his foot to step in.

"Don't waste your breath, young fellow. We're coming aboard."

Bob sprang on the roof of the trunk cabin and picked up the boat hook. While he was doing that both men stepped into the cockpit.

"Put that toothpick down!" said the first man, drawing a revolver and covering the boy. "Drop it quick, or I'll drop you!"

Seeing that the rascal could shoot him before he could swing the boat hook, he dropped it.

"That's right, sonny. I like to see a chap act sensible. Now, Switzer, get out on shore and slip the forward moorings, and then the aft one. Then we'll hoist sails and be off."

The man called Switzer lost no time in carrying out directions, and just as the crowd of racers were returning to the shore they were astonished to see sail hoisted on the yacht and the little craft glide out on the lake.

CHAPTER XII.—Bob Takes a Tumble and Finds Something.

"Here, what you fellows doing?" cried Frank, rushing down to the water's edge.

He recognized the two strangers in charge of his boat, and he was much astonished to see Bob standing forward, close to the mast.

"We're just going for a little sail, young gent," grinned the man. "We'll be back one of these days and let you have your boat."

"What does this mean, Bob?" shouted Frank.

"These fellows have captured your boat and I haven't anything to say about it," returned the young manager.

"Right you are!" said the man. "Now sit down and keep quiet, or I'll blow your roof off!"

Bob had half a mind to jump overboard and swim back, but he concluded not to. The water was cold, the night chilly, and nothing would be gained by doing so. On the contrary, if the men only wanted the boat to escape from the island, he would be able to sail her back and take the party off. Instead of aiming for the city wharves, the chief rascal, who was at the tiller, turned

her head toward the big island where the hotel stood, guarded by a watchman. The wind was still light, but the yacht made very fair progress under her mainsail and jib. In a few minutes the picnic island and the discomfited stag party were left behind.

"Now, Switzer, you can fetch that young chap aft," said the rascal who had assumed the lead.

Switzer, who had finished setting the jib, caught Bob by the shoulder and told him to get a move on.

"I'd rather stay where I am. I don't care for your company," said Bob.

"So! Vell, you vill do as ve vish or somedings vill happen to you. Maybe you fall overboard. Such dings happen sometimes when you ain't looking for it."

As the man spoke significantly, Bob decided to go aft.

"Well, sonny, can you sail a boat—this one, for instance?" said the other chap.

"Maybe I can," answered Bob.

"How do you like taking a sail with a couple of real gents like us?"

"I don't like it," said the boy frankly.

"This here is only a lark on our part, ain't it, Switzer?"

Switzer agreed with him. The fellow chuckled.

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Tom Jones."

"Well, Tom Jones, do you know a boy in Chester named Bob Brett?"

"Yes."

"Good! He wasn't in that crowd on the island, was he?"

"He was."

"Hear that, Switzer? If we only had known that before!"

"What do you want with Bob Brett?"

"We'd like to see him alone for a few minutes, wouldn't we, Switzer?"

His companion uttered a growl like a surly beast.

"If we had him here instead of you, we'd like it first rate."

"Why?"

"That's our business, sonny. We've got a few things to say to him."

"Maybe he wouldn't care to listen to you."

"Oh, he'd listen to us, all right, wouldn't he, Switzer?"

Switzer intimated that he thought he would. Although the man who appeared to be running things spoke in a kind of jesting tone, Bob understood the significance that lay underneath it. If he had disclosed his identity he was satisfied that the two rascals would get back at him for having done them out of the Dutton loot. They might go so far as to toss him into the bay with his hands tied. By this time they were close to the island where the hotel stood. They ran the yacht alongside of the steamboat wharf and made her fast.

"Now, sonny, we're going ashore a while to inspect the rooms we expect to occupy at the hotel this summer," chuckled the steersman. "We are going to leave you aboard. As you might take a sudden notion to sail off and leave us here, we will tie you to the mast in the cabin. That will keep you out of mischief. Fetch a piece of line with you."

The first rascal marched the boy into the cabin and, with Switzer's help, bound him securely to the mast.

"Ve vill gag him, yes?" said Switzer.

"What's the use? There's no one around here to hear him if he should shout murder. Come on."

They left the cabin and the yacht, and Bob heard their footsteps die away up the wharf. Then complete silence reigned around him. Bob couldn't see what object the pair of rascals had in visiting that island. Everything of real value to the hotel had been locked up all winter, ever since the previous season closed. The watchman was in charge mainly to protect the property against vandals. Petty thieves would steal some parts of the plumbing if they got the chance, and carry off many other articles.

Probably the men thought they might find something that would pay them. Bob hoped the watchman would put a ball into one or both of them. Remembering how he had escaped from the cellar of the mill, the young manager made an effort to free himself of the rope with which he was bound. He tugged at his bonds, but his efforts were unavailing. An hour passed and then his captors returned, carrying a lot of stuff with them. They threw their plunder on one of the lockers, and paying no attention to their prisoner, they put off from the island and sailed away. Their course took them past the small island mentioned in the first part of this story, and they put in there. After securing the yacht by the mooring rope, they entered the cabin, released Bob and marched him ashore.

"As we don't want you any longer, young fellow, we're going to leave you here," said the chief rascal. "In the morning you can hail the first boat you see and ask to be taken off. By that time we'll be on our way elsewhere."

The men then cast off and made for the shore, leaving Bob marooned on the island. As there was no chance of his getting off that night, he philosophically decided to make the best of an unpleasant situation. He made his way to the shanty where he had overheard the conversation between Scott and Castle and entered the place.

There was nothing in it but dust and a few bits of debris. This much Bob saw with the aid of a match. Not liking the idea of lying down on the dirty floor, Bob went outside to get some grass to brush up a clean space. When he had done this he felt that he must have a pillow of some kind to rest his head on.

"I'll get a big bunch of grass and spread my jacket over it," he thought.

As the grass around the shanty was quite wet, he went in among the trees to get it, where it was comparatively dry. While he was thus engaged he backed against a small gully in the darkness, lost his balance and fell backward into it. This would have amounted to nothing, as the ground was soft, but something else happened. The earth gave way under him and down he went into a deep hole under a thick copse of bushes. There he stayed, for his head struck a stone or other hard substance and his senses drifted away from him. It was nearly two o'clock when he fell into the place, and daylight came upon the face of Nature before he recovered consciousness.

Daylight, however, did not penetrate into the

hole where he lay in a confused heap, with one leg pointing at an acute angle upward and the other lying out horizontally. At first his mind was in a state of great confusion. He imagined that he was at home in bed and that it was night. He started to roll over and that brought his leg down with a rush. He put out his hands and felt the loose earth around him and one of the walls of the hole.

"Where in thunder am I? This isn't a bed."

Then his mind began to clear and he remembered the events of the preceding night, one after another, until they culminated in his fall. He felt in his pocket for a match and lit it to get a line on the place he was in, and the way out. Above his head hung the roots of numerous bushes imbedded in a layer of earth. Behind and on either side were walls of earth smelling of partly decayed vegetation. Around and ahead of him was earth in heaps that had fallen in, all roofed over with bushes or their roots. It looked as if it would be something of a job to regain the surface. He would have to dig his toes and fingers into the earth, and scramble out somehow.

The expiring match fell on something dull and hard. He supposed it was a large stone, and that he had hit his head on it, for he was conscious of a soreness on his skull. He put his hand to the sore spot and found a cut there about which the blood had clotted. He rested his hand on the supposed stone to raise himself. Then he discovered that the object was not a stone, but a metal box.

Getting on his knees he lit another match and looked at it. It was a rusty japanned box, seven inches by twelve, and about eight inches thick. He brushed the dirt away from it and tried to lift it, but found it very heavy for its size. He now discovered that a strong piece of cord was attached to the handle. After some effort he pulled it out of its bed.

He lighted another match and carefully examined that part of the roof where the bushes arched over it. He lugged the box under it and tying the end of the cord to one of his suspenders he started to dig his way upward. It proved to be a tough job, for as fast as he got up a foot the earth gave way and he slid back. At last he got a grip on the bushes and as they were tough and well imbedded in the side of the gully he gradually got his head up through them and, to his surprise, saw the daylight through the wood, which told him that he had been unconscious for many hours.

At last he crawled out on the solid ground and then he started to lift the box out. He hauled it up with both hands as far as the bushes, but he couldn't pull it through the dense mass, try as he would. He looked down into the gully and saw that it was thickly grown with the same kind of tough bushes. He judged that he could have made his escape from the hole in a quarter of the time it had taken him to climb out had he pushed his way through the gully, which he didn't observe in the darkness. He guessed he could get the box out that way.

Accordingly, he jumped into the gully and forced his way back into the hole. Lying up the box he forced his way out again and followed the gully all the way to the shore. It was broad

daylight, and he figured that it was all of six o'clock, or even later. His chances of reaching the store that morning were rather doubtful, for he did not see a boat anywhere around, and the city front was all of a mile away. He walked around the shore to a point which gave him a view of the picnic island, half a mile away. He thought he saw the stag party standing on the beach looking shoreward. He sat down to await rescue, for he could do nothing himself toward getting off the little island.

CHAPTER XIII.—Conclusion.

Time passed slowly enough with him. About nine o'clock in the forenoon a sailboat approached the island. Bob took off his jacket, waved it in the air and hailed the boatman who was steering. He had two gentlemen on board for a sail around the lake. The singular spectacle of a shouting boy and a waving coat caused the boatman to put in toward the island.

"What's the matter?" he asked, when the boat came near.

"I'm marooned. I want to be taken off," replied Bob.

"How came you to be on that island without a boat?" asked the boatman. "Did your boat float away?"

"No. I'm not the only person marooned out here."

"Are there more on the island?"

"No, but there are ten fellows on Picnic Island who can't get ashore because a couple of rascals ran off with their yacht. I was one of the party, and the men carried me over to the small island and put me ashore there. That's how I happened to be there."

"When did this happen?"

Bob then told how they had sailed to the island where the hotel was, tied him to the mast in the cabin and went ashore.

"They came back in an hour or so with some stuff that they must have stolen from the hotel. Then they carried me to the small island and got rid of me, after which they laid their course for the city front, and that's the last I saw of them," said Bob. "There's the boys now on Picnic Island. See them waving their hats?"

The boatman saw the crowd and so did the gentlemen. The sailboat put in, but there was no chance of taking the boys off, as the little boat now had all she could carry comfortably.

"Hello, Frank!" shouted Bob.

"Hello! Where's my yacht?" returned Frank.

"I couldn't tell you, but I think it's over at one of the wharves."

"Oh!" said Frank. "Well, we can't get ashore in that boat."

"I know you can't. You'll have to wait till the boatman takes me to the city, if he's willing to do that now, otherwise I'll have to come ashore and stay with you."

After a consultation the gentleman agreed that under the circumstances the boatman had better turn back. Bob agreed to pay him for his time. It was also decided to carry Frank over to hunt up his boat. So in due time Frank and Bob reached the city wharves and saw the yacht tied up at one of them.

"Where did you get that old tin box?" asked Frank, as they stepped on shore, after thanking the boatman and the gentlemen for the favor. "You carry it as if it was heavy."

"It is heavy. I found it on the little island."

"What's in it?"

"I'll tell you by and by."

They took possession of the yacht and found that the two rascals had been through the lockers and closets, but had only taken Frank's yachting suit, which was worth about \$25.

Setting sail, they went to Picnic Island, took their friends off and brought them back to the Dutton private wharf, where they dispersed to their homes. Bob started for his home with the tin box, and his mother was surprised to see him at that hour. She supposed he had slept at the Dutton house and had gone from there to the store. She was more surprised when he related his night's adventures.

"And you think that old box contains money?" she said, with open eyes.

"I'll find out in two shakes of a lamb's tail what is in it."

He got a hammer and knocked the rusty cover off. Removing a folded piece of paper which bore a date of forty years before, Bob disclosed the contents of the box, which consisted of old American gold coins of different denominations. It was a great find, for when Bob had counted it he found that there was about \$25,000 in the box.

The money was dumped into a stout bag and, slinging it over his shoulder, Bob carried it to the Chester Bank and asked for President Dutton. He was shown into his private office. Bob showed the banker the bag of gold coin, told him how he came by it and asked Mr. Dutton if it wasn't his by right of discovery. The banker said there seemed to be no doubt about the fact.

Bob placed it with the bank on a special time deposit, at four per cent. interest, which meant an annual income to him of \$1,000. He then went to the store and reported the cause of his absence to Mr. Bond, but made no mention of the finding of the money.

A few days afterward Bob read a paragraph in the *Daily News*, reprinted from a Chicago paper, that Ronald Scott had shot and killed Castle after a row with him, and then committed suicide.

On the following day the two burglars were caught robbing a house in a nearby town.

They were identified as the men who had plundered Banker Dutton's home.

They were duly tried, convicted and sent to the State prison. As time passed Mr. Bond's small department store grew to be a big one, taking in four stores, and the second floors of the same. Bob grew with it, both in years and importance, until he became the real manager, when Mr. Bond went on an extended trip to Europe. When he got back Bob told him about his \$25,000 find and offered to take an interest in the business. Mr. Bond agreed to give him a half interest for the money, though he valued his business at over \$60,000.

Thus Bob Brett rose from cash-boy to partner.

Next week's issue will contain "JIMMY, THE OFFICE-BOY; OR, A PLUCKY WALL STREET PLUNGER."

CURRENT NEWS

SAVED WITH DYNAMITE.

A thrilling story comes out of northern Ontario. The women of an Indian encampment were attacked by timber wolves while the men were absent trapping. With the few rifles left in the camp the women defended themselves until the ammunition gave out and their situation became perilous. An Indian boy thought of some sticks of dynamite for use in lakes when fishing was bad. A bundle of them with caps and fuses was thrown among the wolves and the explosion killed 36 wolves and frightened off the remainder.

DIGS UP CHARM.

Unearthed by a gardener, an unusual Elk watch charm, lost nine years ago, has just been returned to its owner, J. W. Cook, Billings, Mont. Cook obtained the two teeth on the Crow Reservation, and had them mounted in a setting bearing his monogram.

In 1912 he lost it. Since then he has moved to another home. The occupant of his former residence, spading in the garden the other day, uncovered the charm. Knowing Cook, he recognized the monogram and returned the trinket, which had suffered no damage.

CATCHES 9-FOOT SHARK.

H. E. Berbyshire of Philadelphia, a member of the Manufacturers' Club and one of Cape May's summer cottagers, had a thrilling experience with a shark in the Delaware Bay off Cape May Point the other afternoon while fishing for channel bass. After hooking five large bass he hauled them alongside of his cruiser cycle from which he was fishing. There a large shark bit them off the line.

Seeing that the shark was getting the benefit of the day's catch, Berbyshire baited a large hook and soon had the shark fast to the line. After an hour's battle the shark was brought alongside and landed. He measured nine feet long and weighed more than four hundred pounds.

VIGILANTES RUN 200 OUT OF TWO INDIANA TOWNS.

More than a hundred foreigners, employed in the coal fields of Gibson and Pike counties, Ind., were forced to leave by a crowd of alleged Vigilantes recently.

There was no bloodshed, so far as was learned. Francisco, eight miles east of Princeton, was the scene of the most of the moving.

The action is said to have followed the importation of foreigners to work in the mines. W. H. Cox, superintendent of the Ayrshire District Collieries Company, an American, and his family, also were forced to leave and told never to return.

One hundred foreigners employed on a railroad construction north of Oakland City also are leaving. Thirty automobile loads of Vigilantes visited the region.

Trouble began in Francisco a month ago when Cox hired three miners to whom resident miners objected, asserting the company was attempting to bring in foreigners, and exclude local men. During the last few days more foreigners have been employed, according to Francisco men.

BANDIT ON WAY TO PRISON ROBS OFFICERS.

Roy Gardner, mail car bandit, who was being brought to the Federal prison at McNeil Island from San Francisco, escaped from Federal officers at Castle Rock, Oreg., June 11, by jumping from a car window, after holding up the officers at the point of a pistol, which he had concealed in his shirt, and taking their weapons and \$200 in cash.

Gardner was taken from the train at Sacramento, Cal., yesterday to search for a mail sack, said to contain nearly \$180,000 in bonds, which he said he had hidden under a tree near that city, but he was unable to locate the pouch.

Gardner took the \$200 from Deputy United States Marshals Mulhall and Webb and left the officers wearing their own handcuffs as he leaped out of the window of the lavatory.

Gardner was aided by Frank Pyron, who was being taken from Densmuir, Cal., to McNeil Island by the same officers. Pyron also escaped. The break for liberty was made following Gardner's request that he be permitted to go to the lavatory. Catching the officers off guard, he whipped out a revolver that evidently had been sewed into his shirt and ordered them to raise their hands. He gave the gun to Pyron, who held the officers up while Gardner went through their pockets, taking the money and guns, and later placing the handcuffs on them.

HER OVERALLS SHED COCAINE AS SHE FLED.

As passengers were going aboard the liners Cedric and Lapland the other morning to sail for Europe a slight figure in overalls slipped out from Pier 61, at the foot of West 21st Street, and started across 11th Avenue.

A pier guard, attracted by the haste of the person, called out:

"Hey! where are you going?"

The figure plunged into the traffic of taxis and trucks on the avenue. The guard and a policeman gave chase. The fleeing person began taking packages from the overalls and throwing them in the street. Then the person's hat flew off and long black hair dropped over a slight woman's shoulders.

The woman jumped into a taxi that was waiting for her and disappeared in the crowd.

The guard and the patrolman picked up the packages and found in them fifty small bottles of cocaine. The woman evidently had disguised herself in the overalls to look like a pier worker and had secured the cocaine from a member of the crew of some ship.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Before parting with Jimmy Mack he questioned him about the manner of the captive when the hackman had taken her from the house in Grove street.

"Why, she came out with two men, one on each side of her," said the hackman, "and, naturally, having been told that she had gone suddenly insane, I took a good look at her, but she wore a veil and I couldn't see much of her face, but she kept talking a lot of nonsense all the time, just as anybody would who was crazy."

"That's not at all like Madge Morehouse," said Lew, "and it is proof to me that the girl was under the influence of a drug. That would account for the ease with which she was led out of the house we have just left, for if she had been in her right senses she would have made an outcry."

"I guess that's right," said Jimmy Mack. "I think she was doped."

There was nothing further to be accomplished that night, and very sorrowfully Lew retired to his room. He was usually a good sleeper, but now he pitched and tossed more than half the night, for he could not get Madge out of his mind, and the sense of uncertainty about the pretty girl made him miserable.

He had been sleeping less than three hours when daylight appeared and he arose from his bed feeling very different from what he usually felt, and then he understood the deep cunning of the men who were opposed to him.

"I feel half dead with worry and loss of sleep," he muttered, "and two or three nights like this would make a wreck of me."

His cold bath and his exercises made him feel much better, and after his breakfast he went early to the office to attend to some important work that had been left on his hands by his employer.

He took out the papers, put them on his desk and tried to fix his mind on the work before him, but found it impossible. He could think of nothing but his girl friend, and could make no sense of the documents before him.

"I take a walk to the police station to clear my head," he decided, and putting the papers away, he started out to ascertain if the police had discovered anything.

He had gone about two blocks from the office when he caught sight of a figure ahead of him that looked familiar. It was certain that he recognized her by her well-formed back and the peculiar poise of her head.

He quickened his pace, passed by her, and then turned and looked her full in the face.

It was Grace Carrington, the young woman who had caused his arrest on a false charge.

The instant she caught sight of Lew she uttered a cry of alarm and turned to run. Lew leaped after her, overtook her in a minute, and clutched her by the arm with a firm grip.

The young woman screamed loudly and tried to breakaway from him, and in response to her cries several men came running up to the spot.

"Help! Help!" she screamed at the top of her voice as men came rushing up in all directions in response to her cries. "This man is robbing me!"

In an instant she and Lew were surrounded.

CHAPTER XV.—The Young Lawyer Forces the Crown to Listen to Him.

"Let her go!"

"Hands off, you rascal!"

"Knock him down!"

A more innocent-looking girl cannot be imagined than Grace Carrington as she struggled with Lew and turned her appealing eyes upon the men who now surrounded her and the young lawyer, and so much did her appearance impress all that one young man struck fiercely at Lew.

The young lawyer threw back his head and the blow which otherwise would have felled him to the ground only grazed his forehead, and then, understanding that he must teach this crowd that he was to be respected, he struck back like a flash, caught the young man who had hit him full on the point of the chin and dropped him to the sidewalk.

Nobody else wanted to be served in that manner, and all hands fell back a pace or two from the athletic young lawyer. Holding the struggling girl firmly, Lew turned to the assembled people.

"Listen to me, you gentlemen," he said. "I'm very sorry I had to knock that young man down, but I had to protect myself against him and you and also retain possession of this prisoner. She is a crook, and a member of a band of crooks, and I am a lawyer concerned in a case in which she is also concerned, and I am going to take her to the nearest station house. You can come along if you want to and find out that I am telling the truth. Here come some officers and they'll settle matters."

Sure enough, two officers, seeing a crowd, were coming up on a run, and when the girl caught sight of them she ceased to struggle. In a moment the policemen reached the spot, and as one of them happened to be a member of the raiding party of the night before and at once recognized Lew, there was no further trouble about the arrest.

Lew turned Grace over to the policemen and told them that he would go along to the station and make his charge. On the way there he walked at the side of the prisoner.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"None of your business," was the reply, and the girl scowled angrily at him as she walked along.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

GETS HIDES OF NINE BABY WOLVES.

George Berg delivered at the office of the Brown County Auditor Aberdeen, S. D., the other day the hides of nine baby wolves, upon which he will receive county bounty in the sum of \$1 per scalp and \$2 per scalp in State bounties.

Berg lives near Verdon and a few days ago he discovered an old she wolf in his chicken yard. The animal started away at his approach and Berg got into his Ford automobile and followed her.

Across the prairie the wolf took her course with the Ford in pursuit. The animal finally arrived at her den and disappeared. Berg reached the spot a few minutes later and with a spade excavated to the home of the wolf, where he found her nine babies. He drove the old wolf out and captured the cubs, whose hides he has sold to the county.

NEW BANK IN THE ARCTIC.

The most northerly banking office in the world will be established by the Union Bank of Canada before the end of summer, according to an announcement by the New York agency of the institution, at 49 Wall Street. The new branch will be at Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River, 1,400 miles north of Edmonton, in the center of the new Canadian northern oil fields, within a few miles of the arctic circle. A staff and equipment for the new office is now being pushed as rapidly as possible by canoe, scow and river steamer up the Mackenzie River, in an attempt to be ready for business when the flood of expected oil prospectors begins to flow into the Mackenzie region early in July.

The Fort Norman office will be the second branch opened in the Mackenzie district by the Union Bank of Canada within the month. On June 8, the bank opened an office at Fort Smith, on the Slave River, within a few miles of the northern boundary of the province of Alberta.

ACCUSED BY CONVICT.

John Smith, one of two prisoners who escaped from the Rensselaer County jail May 5, and was subsequently recaptured, testified before a sub-committee of the New York State Commission of Prisons that Under Sheriff George T. Morris connived at his escape. The testimony was given at a hearing of charges against Sheriff John Seeley, Jr.

"Morris gave me a file the latter part of April," Smith told the prison Commissioners, "and said that if I wanted to make a key to get out of jail I could, but that I should not tell any one."

Smith said that he had never mentioned the incident about the file to any one. After Morris gave it to him he made a key that would unlock the jail door, he said.

Under Sheriff Morris, who at a previous hearing gave testimony against Sheriff Seeley, told

the committee to-day that he did not care to dignify Smith's story with a denial.

RAISE NEW LIBERTY POLE.

An exact reproduction of the Liberty Pole which stood in City Hall Park in 1776 and which was presented to the city with appropriate ceremonies on Tuesday, June 14, was set up in the park June 10 on the identical spot where the original pole stood. The latest pole is the gift of the Sons of the Revolution and the New York Historical Society.

Faith Brown, daughter of Henry Collins Brown, member of the New York Historical Society's committee, shared with the Mayor the honors of helping to put the pole in place. While cameras clicked the Mayor dug the first spadeful of earth, and a large crowd applauded. At the base of the hole was planted a box containing bulletin of the New York Historical Society, copies of current newspapers, official records of the Sons of the Revolution and copies of Valentine's Manual of Old New York and Guide to New York.

The pole stands between Broadway and the City Hall, on a line with Warren Street.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, Pub., 466 W. 23d St., New York

A NARROW ESCAPE.

By KIT CLYDE.

The twilight was rapidly deepening into the dark on a pleasant evening in June, as a young horseman of twenty-two or three years of age emerged from the forest path and, checking the animal's pace, paused for an instant or two contemplating the scene before him.

A truly pastoral scene it was, though only a settler's humble clearing on the very confines of civilization, and to the young man it was the dearest spot on earth.

It was the home of old Seth Morgan, one of the first of the hardy pioneers who more than seven years before had penetrated to these Western wildernesses, and out of the heart of the primeval forest hewed a homestead for himself and family.

It was not an excess of affection for the hardy settler, however, that caused such emotion to fill the breast of the young man, whose name was Edward Weston, but a far deeper feeling—the strong and passionate love he cherished for his eldest daughter, Clara, who was his affianced wife.

The girl returned his affection, and the following day had been appointed for the wedding.

Already the guests had been invited, and more than a dozen men and women standing about the door of the little log cabin waved their hats and handkerchiefs toward the expectant bridegroom as he paused for a moment after emerging from the forest.

Again urging on his horse, in a few minutes longer he had reached the house, and dismounting, was warmly greeted by the guests.

Another moment and his betrothed wife was clasped to his breast.

Guests from distant clearings came gradually dropping in, until when the night had fallen they numbered more than twenty of both sexes, and by ten o'clock the floor had been cleared for dancing, the enlivening strains of the fiddle floating through the open window upon the calm night air.

Had the merry-makers but known that more than a hundred dark-skinned figures, their faces hideous with crimson war-paint, were crawling stealthily toward the house, it might have changed their joyousness to fear; but they suspected nothing until it was too late, and with fiendish cries of exultation upon their lips the savages were among them.

Taken wholly by surprise the settlers had not the ghost of a chance to defend themselves, and although they fought like men who expect no mercy, a few minutes and it was ended.

With his body protecting the girl he loved, Edward Weston had fought with the ferocity of despair, and more than one villainous savage had fallen never to rise again beneath the strokes of his bowie knife; but at last he was overpowered by numbers, and the blood streaming from a gully would upon his forehead, he sank unconsciously to the ground.

When he again came to him—If the day was

breaking, and he was lying in a pool of blood among the cold and mangled remains of the wedding guests.

Staggering to his feet as recollection gradually came back to him, a feeling of surprise mingled with his despair.

Among the corpses there were no female ones except that of Mrs. Morgan, and the conclusion presented itself that the rest of the women had been carried off alive.

A ray of hope shot through Edward Weston's breast at the thought.

Clara might still be alive, and if she were his life still had a purpose.

He would recover her, dead or alive, from her savage captors, and wreak upon them such a vengeance as should be remembered for years.

As he made this resolution, he staggered toward the little brook that flowed past the rear of the house, and laving his brow with the cool water and binding up his wounds, in a short time he left stronger.

Fortunately, his horse had not been placed in his stable, but turned loose to pasture, and in less than half an hour he was ready for his desperate enterprise.

He had been a hunter from his very childhood, and to his practiced eyes the trail of the Indians, although evidently concealed with the greatest care, was not hard to find.

Once upon it, he mounted his horse, and rode at headlong speed.

In the course of several hours, the evidences of precaution the savages had used so far to cover their trail became less marked, and he knew he must be approaching their encampment.

Suddenly the howls of the legion of mongrel curs, always to be found following an Indian camp, smote upon his ears, and the next moment he saw in the distance the gleam of the smoldering fires.

Checking his horse, he dismounted, and securing the animal in a clump of thick undergrowth, he prepared to continue the trail on foot.

Besides two revolvers and a small satchel containing cartridges, he had two bowie knives and a huge horn containing several pounds of powder.

Assuring himself that the chambers of the revolvers were in working order, he began to make his way toward the distant camp.

His progress was necessarily slow, and more than an hour elapsed before he reached it.

Prostrate, face downward upon the ground, he crawled toward the nearest tent.

The encampment was made in the form of a semi-circle running down to the shore of a small lake.

Behind it for several hundred yards was a dense growth of chaparral and underbrush that gradually merged into the forest.

As the young man noticed this an idea entered his brain, that caused a look of malignant satisfaction to overspread his face.

With a skill that would have done no discredit to the most experienced scout, he dragged his body noiselessly along the ground, until he had reached the first test of the semi-circle, beginning at the water's edge.

With his bowie knife he noiselessly cut away the birch bark of which the lodge was composed,

and through the opening thus made peered into the interior.

A dozen or more Indians lay on the ground asleep, but there was no sign of the presence of the maiden he was risking his life to rescue, and again the malignant look came upon his face as he thought of the revenge he contemplated.

Unslinging the powder horn, he sprinkled a thin trail of the powder along the ground, beginning beside the small heap of fragments he had cut from the covering of the lodge.

Then, still lying face downward upon the ground, he made his way toward the next wigwam, leaving behind him as he passed the thin trail of powder.

To the next he went in the same manner, and to the next, and next, until more than two dozen had been investigated, and still there was no trace of the girl he was seeking.

But now one remained, and with the hope he had cherished gradually dying out of his breast, he proceeded to cut through its covering as he had done the others.

In his impatience to know at once the best or worst, he did not take time, as he had done before, to cut the opening inch by inch, but with two rapid slashes of his knife tore away a piece of the bark large enough to admit his whole body.

As he did so the noise aroused the sole occupant of the wigwam, an Indian whose extra adornments upon his dress showed him to be a chief, and who, with a guttural ejaculation of mingled anger and surprise, sprang toward him.

The hatchet he had snatched from his belt was upraised threateningly, and in an instant Edward Weston realized his position.

It was no time for hesitation, and grasping his bowie knife firmly he raised himself upon his elbow, and hurled it with all his strength at the advancing savage.

The aim was true, and without so much as a single shriek of pain, the Indian fell dead upon the ground.

Hardly had this happened than the blanket over the doorway was thrown aside, and another savage entered.

For a moment he stood bewildered, and then snatching the tomahawk from his belt, a wild cry on his lips, he sprang toward the young man, the weapon upraised for the deadly blow.

As the blanket had been raised, he had seen, passing around one of the capes in the distance, a party of men, and among them he also fancied he saw the flutter of women's dresses.

Could it be possible that Clara had escaped and was with them?

The knowledge of the fugitive party and the question flashed through his mind with the electric quickness of thought, but there was no time to ponder over an answer.

He threw his other bowie knife, with the same result as the first one.

With one wild death-cry the savage fell backward, and the young man, knowing that in an instant the whole camp would be upon him, felt that there was no time to be lost if he would make his escape.

But first there was his revenge.

Emptying the remaining contents of his pow-

der-horn upon the ground, he drew one of the revolvers from his belt and fired.

In an instant it ignited the dry bark of which the wigwam was built, and then a thin streak of fire like a serpent ran on to the next, until before a minute had elapsed the whole encampment was in a blaze.

A wild, ringing laugh of triumph upon his lips, Edward Weston ran at the top of his speed toward where his horse was picketed, but already the whole of the savages, with fierce cries of rage, were after him.

Suddenly a cry of alarm, breaking simultaneously from his pursuers, caused him to check his pace, and looking around, saw in an instant the cause of their fear.

The flames of the blazing wigwams had spread into the chaparral, and the whole forest would soon be on fire.

Too well the young man realized now what he had done.

It was now a race between the fire and himself which should first reach the spot where he had left his horse, but at last he did so in safety, and sprang into the saddle.

The animal, as if comprehending the danger, exerted his utmost speed, and for a little while it seemed as if he would distance the fire.

After an hour or so, however, he began to grow exhausted, and the rider's utmost endeavors could not urge him on.

Turning in his saddle, Edward Weston looked around, and as he did so a feeling of the utmost despair came over him.

The horse's steps were growing slower and slower, and the fire was not more than two hundred yards away.

The heat was growing unbearable. Mechanically he strove to urge on his horse's stumbling footsteps; a wild delirium seemed to take possession of his senses, and then all was blank.

When he again recovered consciousness he was lying upon a blanket stretched beneath the shadow of a tree.

Gazing about him in a bewildered way, his glance was suddenly riveted by an anxious face that was bending over him.

"Am I awake?" he gasped. "Has it all been a dream, Clara?"

He had been correct in his surmise that Clara was one of the fugitives he had seen passing behind the shelter of the cape at the moment the savage had raised the hatchet to deal his death-blow. With her companions she had managed to escape from the Indian camp, and almost immediately had fallen in with a company of United States troops, who at once took them under their protection, and also riding away from the fire, had, luckily for Edward Weston, come upon him at the very moment his horse had fallen, and thrown him stunned to the ground.

Riding across the track of the fire, it had passed them by unharmed; but of the unmounted savages, not one of them remained alive to tell the tale of their companions' doom.

The fate of Clara Morgan's parents had been terribly avenged, and the girl was now left quite alone in the world: two weeks later the interrupted ceremony took place, and she became the wife of Edward Weston.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

OSTRICH SKIN SHOES.

We have recently had many odd leathers such as shark skin, porpoise, etc., and now the ostrich comes forward to help leather shortage. Shoes made of leather from ostrich skins will outlast leather. The ostrich always had a reputation of being a touchy old bird.

SPILLED HOME BREW ON POLICE.

While police officers were standing in the doorway of a house in Wichita, Kan., in the act of serving a search warrant on the owner they were drenched with home brew dripping from the ceiling of the floor above. It developed that the owners of the liquor in their hurry to get from the second story window, accidentally tripped over a jar containing several gallons of the liquid. Several arrests were made and a large amount of liquor confiscated.

SEARCHLIGHTS FOR BAIT FOR AVALON FLYING FISH.

This fish story comes from Avalon, on Catalina Island, twenty-five miles out in the Pacific from Los Angeles.

Catalina Island is noted for several things. It is a good place for goat hunting; it boasts the westernmost wireless telephone station in the United States, and it is the rendezvous for flying fish. Millions of them make their home in Avalon Bay.

The Catalina Excursion Company has equipped one of its boats with a giant searchlight and every night it scouts about Avalon Bay rousing thousands of flying fish out of their native haunts, much to the edification of the passengers. The flying fish craze has grown to such proportions that instead of one light the boat now boasts six, enabling it to arouse school after school of the peculiar creatures.

Where the voyagers formerly were content to recount in thousands the number of flying fish they had seen, it is no uncommon thing now to hear them talk about millions, meanwhile producing the remains of unfortunate specimens which hurled themselves at the boat's lights, only to fall on its decks.

SMOKER KEEPS PIPE BURNING 2 HOURS 5 MINUTES.

Fifty tobacco lovers sat in a row at the Tobacco Fair in the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, London. Each was bent on making his pipeful of tobacco last longest, for waiting for him who was still smoking when the pipes of the others were out was a new bicycle. To be second in this race of slowness was not to be an empty honor. Nine gallons of ale was the second prize.

Some of the competitors were white-haired men of the chimney corner, who had known and loved many a long "churchwarden." One was a Chelsea pensioner who smoked grimly on when a good many of his neighbors had retired from the contest.

Not a word was spoken by the competitors, but round about them their friends stood and jocularly urged them to "stick to it."

Forty seconds were allowed to light up and no relighting was permitted.

R. Woodcock of Waithamsbow won the contest. He smoked for 2 hours 5 minutes, seven minutes under the record time. He used a clay pipe and kept his tobacco together with a needle. The second prize winner was A. Holland, of Blackfriars, whose time was 1 hour 28 minutes.

The record of 2 hours 12 minutes was established at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in 1907.

LAUGHS

'Vy don't yer speak ter yer svell friendt at der odder end of der car?' "Shush! She ain't paid her fare yet."

Wigwag—What do you find the greatest drawback to a literary career? Scribbler—Return postage.

She—Why do you want me to take the morning glory as my floral emblem? He—Because the morning glory knows when to shut up.

"We're getting on pretty well, now that we're carrying on the business together, aren't we, father?" "Oh, pretty well, my son. I do the business and you do the carrying on."

Edith came running in one day in great distress. "Oh, mother," she cried, "Mary has taken the nest egg out of the old hen's nest, and now how can she ever make another without any pattern to go by?"

"Indians, you know," said the widely-read man, "are very stoical. They're never known to laugh." "Oh, I don't know," replied the flip-pant person. "The poet Longfellow made Minnehaha."

"How beautiful it is to see the sign of Spring everywhere," remarked the landlady at the breakfast table. "I wish I could discover some evidence of it in my mattress," muttered the hall-room lodger.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

SUEZ CANAL TO BE TUNNELED.

The great military base at Kantara, from which the British built a military railway through the desert to Palestine, is being dismantled. The line, of course, is permanent. During the war the Suez Canal was crossed by a large swing bridge, which is now to be dismantled. Connection between the Egyptian railways and the new line to Palestine will be maintained by means of a tunnel which will be built below the Suez Canal.

9,311 BISON IN THE WORLD.

The total number of pure-blood bison throughout the world is now only 9,311, of which one-third are to be found in the United States, according to a summary of the thirteenth census of living American bison as of Jan. 31, just made public by the American Bison Society. Of this number there are in the United States 3,427 captive and 100 wild bison. In Canada there are 4,916 captive and 800 wild; in North America, 900 wild, making a total of 9,243. In South America and foreign countries there are 68 bison in captivity, making a total of 9,311. In 1920 1,700 calves were born.

"BISMARCK" TO BE NAMED "MAJESTIC."

The German liner "Bismarck," sister ship to the "Vaterland," now the "Laviathan," is nearing completion at the yards of the Blohm & Voss Shipping Company at Hamburg. This ship, with a length of 950 feet and a beam of 100 feet, will have a gross tonnage of about 56,000. The builders claim that she will be a better boat than the "Vaterland," the experience gained in that ship being embodied in her. The "Bismarck" was handed over to the Allies under the terms of the Treaty, and has been sold to the White Star Line, who will rename her "Majestic," when she hoists the company's flag and takes her place in the service from New York to Europe.

DO NOT EAT RATTLERS.

One of Yosemite National Park's most interesting snakes is the king snake. Dr. Bryant, who will be one of the nature guides this season, declares that its beautiful bandings of white, black and red remind him of the beadwork of the Mojave Indians of Arizona. The king snake was a great favorite of forty-niner gold seekers.

Finding it throughout the country infested by rattlesnakes, snake stories, with the ready imagination of that time, were soon told of its hunts for big rattlers. These yarns finally crystalized into the well-known mountain superstition.

The king snake does eat other snakes, but it is surely nature faking to say that it deliberately starts out on a hunt for the rattlesnake, says Dr. Bryant.

RIFLEMEN TO GUARD FISH.

One of the most novel jobs in the United States is laid down by a man in Oregon. The State Legislature has just commissioned a professional sports hunter and he is to work in co-operation with the State Fish Commission to rid the coast

of Oregon of the scudion menace which destroys more fish than all the famed canneries of the district combined can peel. For bonanzas the hunter has brought in over 10,000 sea lions. Thousands of tons of salmon are destroyed annually by the peculiar land and water beast against whom the hunter wages merciless warfare. The secretary of the State Fish Commission states that during the 157 days which constitute the open season, and during which the canneries are allowed to operate, sea lions along the coast consume 41,500,000 pounds of salmon.

DROPS DEAD MAKING HIS SECOND HOME RUN.

A home run the other day cost the life of Louis Fetyk, twenty-two, a salesman, of No. 973 Intervale Avenue, Bronx, at Van Cortlandt Park Parade Grounds, New York.

With the score tied, 3 all, and a man on base, he smashed a homer and sped around the bases, while 200 spectators of a "pick-up" team game cheered. Among them was his brother Rudolph, a player.

Hardly had he touched the plate when Fetyk dropped dead. Patrolman Russell of the Kingsbridge Station called Dr. Collins of Fordham Hospital. The doctor said death was due to heart failure.

The margin of victory—the game was stopped—was due to Fetyk. In the first inning he had made another home run. The fatal one came in the seventh inning.

Medical Examiner Regelman had the body removed to the Morgue for an autopsy.

WHY IS GOLD CALLED PRECIOUS?

Gold is called one of the precious metals because of its beautiful color, its luster, and the fact that it does not rust or tarnish when exposed to the air. It is the most ductile (can be stretched out into the thinnest wire), and is also the most malleable (can be hammered out into the thinnest sheet). It can be hammered into leaves so thin that light will pass through them. Pure gold is so soft that it cannot be used in that form in making gold coins or in making jewelry. Other substances, generally copper, are added to it to make the gold coins and jewelry hard. Sometimes silver is also added to the gold with copper. The gold coins of the United States are made of nine parts of gold to one of copper. The coins of France are the same, while the coins of England are made of 11 parts of gold to one of copper. The gold used for jewelry and watch cases varies from eight or nine to 18 carats fine.

Another reason why gold is called a precious metal is that it is very difficult to dissolve it. None of the acids alone will dissolve gold, and only two of them when mixed together will do so. These are nitric acid and hydrochloric acid. When these two acids are mixed and gold put into the mixture the gold will disappear—*Book of Wonders*

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

CHLOROFORMS HIMSELF TRYING TO KILL
HIS CAT.

Frank Souders, a Pennsylvania Railroad engineer, lost his life the other day attempting to chloroform an aged cat at his home in Paoli, Pa., while his family was away.

The cat screamed and struggled as he tried to hold a chloroform rag to its nose. Souders fell unconscious and died from the fumes. The cat ran away.

WAR SOUVENIR IN SCALP.

George R. Clark, traffic policeman, Wichita, Kan., has a new souvenir of the war which wasn't brought overseas in a truck or kit-bag. It is a piece of shrapnel the size of a small bullet which recently was removed by a surgeon from Clark's scalp. The piece of metal found a home in Clark's anatomy two years ago during the Argonne battle. He suffered a number of other wounds at the time.

MOTHER RABBIT KILLS SNAKE.

That even the timid rabbit will fight in defense of its young was proved by M. E. Dalby of Elk Prairie Township, Ill., who saw a mother rabbit in a life or death conflict with a black snake three feet long. The snake had attacked the nest of young rabbits nearby and the mother had come to their rescue. Dalby went after a club to help the rabbit, but when he returned she had torn the snake in pieces with her claws and sharp teeth.

LANDS BIG CATFISH.

Henry Hensley, a young farmer living on the Northfork River, east of Mountain Home, Mo., brought a thirty-eight pound blue catfish into town recently that cost him a real fight to land. Hensley had several lines set, and went to examine them in his boat the other morning.

One had a fish on and he started to raise it, having taken the pole in his hand. The fish made a straightaway run, and Hensley, afraid he would break loose, jumped into the water after him.

Swimming and wading, he fought him for 300

yards down the stream, and finally wore him out and landed him. This makes the third big catfish he has caught within the last week. The others weighed seventeen and twenty-five pounds, respectively.

"RED SCHOOLHOUSE" SAILS THE SEVEN
SEAS.

Apprentices on the Spanish steamship Artagan Mendi are required to attend a floating school while sailing the seven seas. This ship which came into Galveston a few days ago and took a cargo of wheat for a foreign port, is fitted up with a regular schoolroom where the apprentices receive daily instruction from a professor who devotes all of his time to the schoolroom duties. The vessel is operated by the Spanish Government and carries seventeen apprentices, who are being trained to become steamship officers. These boys, most of whom appear to be about 16 or 17 years old, are taught both the theory and practice of the things that a model steamship officer should know.

A large cabin amidships has been fitted up as a perfect schoolroom for the boys and their instructor. It is near the quarters in which the apprentices live and to their refectory. Large desks of the kind typical of the little red schoolhouses of the United States, but wrought richly in fine wood, are installed, and each apprentice has all the textbooks and materials and instruments he needs for his work. On one bulkhead of the cabin is affixed the time honored blackboard, where intricate problems may be visualized through the medium of common chalk. The place is light and airy and seems more suitable for a schoolhouse than the average building used for that purpose.

The apprentices combine actual operation of the vessel with the theory that is taught in the schoolroom. The day is so divided that they may gain, in each twenty-four hours, a measure of practical work together with textbook information. What they learn, therefore, they know thoroughly and are able to apply practically.

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HARRY L. WOLFF, 106 West Twenty-third St., New York City

The congregation of the Clayton Baptist Church at Raleigh, N. C., were on the verge of discharging their organist for his inability to create anything but weird groaning from the organ, when they decided to investigate first. From one of the pipes they drew a nine-pound possum. So the organist was reinstated and the possum was made into a stew.

FATE OF A FAMOUS STONE.

It is a strange story, that of the Branicki sapphire, which M. Lacomblez, examining magistrate, is at present investigating. This precious stone, known as "The King of Sapphires," belonged to the Branicki family; it was bought at Frankfurt in 1840, weighed 291 carats, is said to have been worth several million francs, and was taken from the hip pocket of Count Xavier Branicki at Warsaw in July, 1918, during the German occupation.

The Count found himself in Paris recently, and knowing that there is an important market for precious stones in the city, he thought he would ask the police to make inquiries about his sapphire. The police inspectors found in the possession of a dealer in precious stones not the sapphire, but portions of it.

He was aware that the stone had figured in the exhibition in Vienna in 1867, and in the Paris exhibition in 1878, and realizing that it would be difficult to get rid of it he had it cut into fragments, some of which were utilized in rings and necklaces. Of the 291 carats only 136 carats remain.

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AWAY**

SOLVE this puzzle, win Ford Auto votes free. The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1, B is 2, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T".) What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money. I have already given away many autos. You can own an auto.

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Do You Want It?

FORD WILLSON, 141 W. Ohio Street, Dept. 2465 Chicago, Ill.

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, Business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. "Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

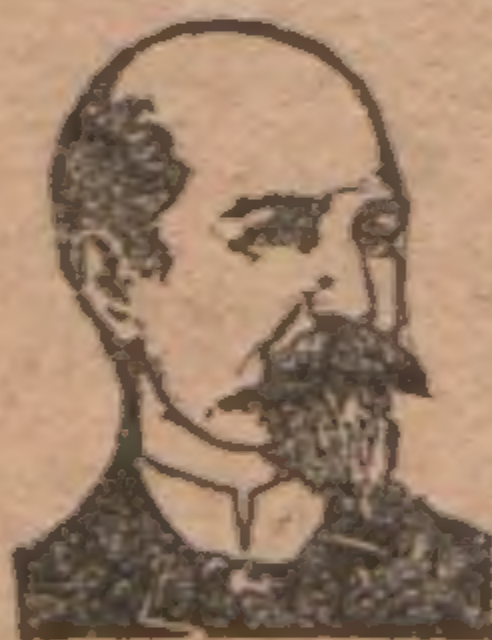


Photo when bald.



After hair growth

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

KOTALKO

FOR FALLING HAIR
BALDNESS, DANDRUFF

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upon genuine merit. Buy a box of KOTALKO at the drug store. Or ask for Kotalko at the toilet goods or drug counter of any large department store. Remember the name. Accept nothing else as "just as good." \$300.00 GUARANTEE. Or if you send 10 cents (silver or stamps), you will receive a PROOF BOX of Kotalko with BROCHURE, postpaid. Determine NOW to eliminate DANDRUFF, to treat BALDNESS, to STOP HAIR FROM FALLING. Get a box of guaranteed KOTALKO, apply once or twice daily; watch in your mirror. For PROOF BOX (10 cents, none otherwise) write to

KOTALKO OFFICES, BA-375, Station X, New York



Kotalko is wonderful
for women's hair.

contains GENUINE BEAR OIL and other potent ingredients. No alcohol, no shampoo; but a hair elixir of wonderful efficacy. All ingredients are safe and harmless, even for a child's scalp and hair. Positively KOTALKO is one delightfully reliable hair preparation that succeeds

REFITTING
BIG LINER TO
COST \$1,000,000.

Details of the reconditioning of the transatlantic liner George Washington, which is the largest American merchant vessel ever to fly the American flag, were announced recently by the Todd Shipyards Corporation, which has received the contract from the United States Mail Steamship Company. The cost will exceed \$1,000,000 and the terms provide for the completion of the work by August.

During the peace negotiations the George Washington was used by President Wilson on his two visits to Europe. It was also the choice of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium when they came to the United States. The steamer was used as a transport during the war and carried many thousands of troops. The George Washington was one of the North German Lloyd vessels seized by this Government.

When refitted the steamer will have accommodations for 3,000 passengers. The swimming pool is to be the largest ever installed on a steamship. The installation of billiard tables has been made possible as the result of an anti-rolling device.

FISH OR ANIMAL.

"When is a fish not a fish?" is the question uppermost in the mind of Forest Taylor of No. 30' North Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla., these days.

It being an ideal fishing day, Taylor decided to spend it imitating Izaak Walton in beguiling the fish from their retreats. Upon arriving at a pond north of town, he cast his seine, intent upon capturing a few minnows for bait. When he drew it from shallow depths, he beheld a sight that made him think corn whisky had got into his system by absent treatment.

He drew a pair of nameless, unknown species of water creatures with heads like that of a dog-fish, skin like that of a pickerel and a body like that of a lizard. Just back of the head there is a pair of gills similar to those of Japanese gold-fish, which enables the creature to breathe under water. Its fish-like head can be compared, as to the setting of eyes and form of nostrils, to that of a Gila monster.

Samuel B. Lippincott, teacher of biology in Oklahoma City High School, is intending to take the species to the biology laboratory for a definite research, in the endeavor to find what status the animal—or fish—has.

"END YOUR RHEUMATISM

Like I Did Mine" — Says Pastor Reed: Wife Also Rid of Neuritis

Suffered Tortures For Years—Now Telling Good News To Others



"Don't Believe That Old Humbug About 'Uric Acid' Being the Cause of Rheumatism — It's Not So!"

Emphatically asserting that thousands of unfortunate sufferers have been led into taking wrong treatments under the old and false belief that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism, Pastor H. W. Reed says:

"As do some of our highest medical authorities, I now know that 'Uric Acid' never did and never will cause rheumatism! But it took me many years to find out this truth. I learned how to get rid of my rheumatism and recover my health and strength, through reading 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism,' a work written by an authority who has scientifically studied the cause and treatment of rheumatism for over twenty years. It was indeed a veritable revelation!

"I had suffered agony for years from rheumatism and associated disorders, and Mrs. Reed was tortured with the demon neuritis almost beyond endurance. We had read and talked so much about 'Uric Acid' that our minds seemed poisoned. But the 'Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' made it all clear to us and now we are both free from the suffering and misery we endured so many years. I believe I was the hardest man in the world to convert! For me to discard the old 'Uric Acid' theory, and what I now know to be absolutely false, for the new, scientific understanding of the causes and cure of rheumatism, was like asking me to change my religious beliefs! But I did change, and it was a fortunate day for me and mine when I did so."

NOTE: "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" referred to above by Pastor Reed lays bare facts about rheumatism and its associated disorders overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past. It is a work that should be in the hands of every man or woman who has the slightest symptoms of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or gout. Any one who sends name and address to H. P. Clearwater, 534 F Street, Hallowell, Maine, will receive it by mail, postage paid, absolutely free. Send now, lest you forget the address! If not a sufferer, cut out explanation and hand it to some afflicted friend.



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